The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889.

The Week.

THE platform upon which Gen. Harrison was elected President, declared that "the reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under the Republican Administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system, already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable." This committed the Republican party, and its candidate in case of his election, to the extension of the reform system to such grades of the service, for example, as the hundreds of clerks to be appointed in the Census Office. The Republican candidate was elected, and it is now announced from Washington that President Harrison has decided to break this pledge, by refusing to place these clerks under the civil-service rules, although such "extension of the reform system" was earnestly urged by Mr. Roosevelt and the other members of the Civil-Service Commission.

The New Albany (Ind.) *Ledger* says that Postmaster Godfrey, the Republican recently appointed, has discharged all the letter-carriers, and, upon their asking what were the charges upon which they were thus turned out in disgrace, replied: "Gentlemen, there are no charges against your official conduct. You have done your work well, performed to my entire satisfaction every duty required. You are gentlemen, and I wish you well and hope you will have success in life; but you know, boys, you are Democrats." The Indianapolis *News*, an independent journal, which, it is interesting to recall, supported the President who now appoints the Godfreys, on the ground that he was a civil-service reformer, says of this performance: "The New Albany Post-office is not under the Civil-Service Law, and hence no law was violated by this barbarous deed; but the instincts of fair play, the promptings of common sense, considerations for the public service, and the whole spreading spirit of the time are affronted by such a ruthless act. It is a plea for the extension of the civil service such as President Harrison said he would favor."

We are glad to announce that the Post-office Department has at last removed from office the burglar who was appointed Postmaster at Shushan, N. Y., about three months ago. Congressman Quackenbush, the Republican Representative for the district, was responsible for this disgraceful appointment; but the Troy *Times* says that he had no personal knowledge of the criminal, but secured his appointment "upon the advice and recommendation of many of the most prominent Republicans of Washington County, including those holding responsible positions and bearing a character for highest integrity." There is hardly any sign of the times more alarming than the readiness of men "holding responsible positions and bearing a character for highest integrity" to recommend the appointment to office of rascals.

The *American* of Philadelphia, which rather startled us the other day by demanding the repeal of all duties on articles whose producers had gone into Trusts, now has a withering blast on Boss Quay, accompanied by a side-blow at President Harrison. It declares that the recent Republican State Convention at Harrisburg was a mere mustering of the followers of Quay, men "without prominence in the party, without independence of opinion, without any such political force of character as gives a convention vitality, directed by drill-sergeants in the execution of a programme already fully prepared." This abject and humiliating condition of the party is due, it says, in the first instance to its own pusillanimity, and it has been intensified by the acts of President Harrison, who has accepted the situation as he found it, and has made of Quay a more despotic boss than he was before. "The party," says the *American*, "had accepted Mr. Quay with all his methods of tergiversation, intrigue, corruption, and barter, and had made him not only its manager, but its public representative. Gen. Harrison then bound it fast to its own iniquity by making Mr. Quay his Pennsylvania deputy. *Finding the party in evil ways, he put it in convict's dress.* It is true that this has seemed a betrayal of the principles to which he was believed to be devoted. It is true that he was expected to help carry the party's standards to higher ground. But when he did not choose to do this, he had, as we have pointed out, the plausible if immoral defence that he took Pennsylvania at her own estimate of herself, and gave her a Federal ruler in the person of the man whom she had already designated as her party leader." Under the circumstances, the action of the Convention, "its conclusions, its nominations, have practically no claim to respectful consideration."

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* makes a statement of the highest importance as to Secretary Windom's policy regarding changes in the Treasury Department. It is as follows: "Certain chiefs of division and a few higher officers have been marked for removal on the ground that they are inefficient. The number is very small, and, indeed, insignificant, compared with the number to be retained. The total number of such officers is forty. The intention is to retain in position, at least until Congress meets, those who are competent, without regard to party. The Secretary is not anxious to make changes even then in the personnel of the Department, but is prepared, in view of his political experience and the great pressure on him for place, to yield up a goodly number of the Democratic chiefs, who shall give way to men of the party in power." Mr. Windom's reasons are represented to be that the Department as now manned is about equally divided between the two parties; that the organization is very nearly perfect, a few men having been displaced whom the Secretary regarded as less efficient than their successors; that the great column of office-holders in the Department are faithful, trained, and able men; and that to disturb this model organization would be, in his view, to impede the free movement of a great and splendidly equipped machine.

Secretary Windom is reported as saying that he found the Treasury Department in most excellent condition, and as willing to admit that the men appointed by Mr. Manning and Mr. Fairchild were a distinct gain on the old order, and that the personnel was improved under the late Administration. Naturally, he wants to preserve the good fruits of his predecessors' work, and to leave an equally creditable record behind him, and he is shrewd enough to see that he cannot do so if he turns the Department over to the spoilsmen. It is a great satisfaction to find that the head of this important Department has such sound ideas as Mr. Windom is represented to hold. If he lives up to them, he will receive the heartiest praise of every friend of civil-service reform in the land.

The Republican State Convention of Iowa adopted two resolutions on the subject of Trusts. One of these demands of Congress "the protection of American industry when *it* does not foster Trusts or trade conspiracies." The other declares that it is "the duty of the State and Federal Governments to enact and execute laws to punish trade conspiracies, Trusts, and combines designed to limit the production of the necessaries of life, unnaturally raise prices, and interfere with the natural course of trade." The admission in the first resolution that protection does in some cases foster Trusts and trade conspiracies is valuable, and the implication that it should be withdrawn in such cases will have a good deal of influence, we judge, in shaping events in the next Congress. This is the first formal recognition in a Republican State convention that Trusts and trade conspiracies are or may be fostered by the tariff. It is also a flat contradiction of Mr. Blaine's maxim that "Trusts are largely private affairs." It is a declaration that they are public affairs, to be dealt with by public bodies, and that one way to deal with them is to abolish the tariff duties which "foster" them.

The Iowa Republicans followed the example set by their Ohio and Pennsylvania brethren in ignoring the subject of civil-service reform. Four years ago the Iowa Republican Convention adopted the following resolution:

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"The Republican party inaugurated civil-service reform and enacted the present Civil-Service Law. It will faithfully maintain it, and cheerfully aid in any needed amendments to give it full force."

This year the Iowa Republican Convention says not one word about civil-service reform, while Iowa Republican organs publish without rebuke assaults upon the Civil-Service Law.

The Virginia Democrats appear to have nominated a strong ticket in their Convention on Thursday. The one issue in the campaign which attracts attention, both within and without the State, is the question whether control of the commonwealth shall again be handed over to one of the worst demagogues ever developed in this country. The platform declares that "the men who were disabled in the service of the State during the late conflict between the States, and the widows of those who lost their lives in such service, are deserving of aid and protection," and favors "liberal appropriations" for this purpose. The Philadelphia *Press* (Rep.) thinks that "the Republicans of Virginia who were Unionists during the war, can hardly be expected to view this proposed addition to their taxes with entire complacency." The *Press* apparently forgets that the Republicans of Virginia are now led by a man who was *not* a Unionist during the war; that four years ago Mahone's Republican State Convention adopted a resolution in favor of generous appropriations by the Legislature for pensions to disabled rebel soldiers, and that throughout the campaign of 1885 the Republican organ at the State capital insisted that the "Bourbons" ought to be defeated, among other reasons, because they had killed a bill to establish a home for Confederate veterans, while "the Republicans did their best to pass it."

The last summer session of a New Hampshire Legislature ended on Saturday, a constitutional amendment adopted last spring having changed the time for assembling in future to January, after the fashion which is rapidly becoming universal throughout the country. The most important action of the Legislature was the election of "Bill" Chandler to the United States Senate, and, as was to be expected after such a performance, it rejected a ballot-reform bill, this being as objectionable to the "Bill" Chandler school of Republican politicians in New Hampshire as to the "Joe" Manley school in Maine, which defeated a similar measure in that State. An unexpected degree of favor was shown to a bill licensing the liquor traffic, which at first secured a narrow majority on a test vote in the House, but was finally defeated.

The Boston *Advertiser* has been making an investigation into the workings of the local-option, restrictive, high-license law that went into effect May 1, which appears to justify its conclusion that this "is proving the most successful experiment ever entered upon by the people of Massachusetts in their endeavors to cope with the liquor traffic." Reports from sixteen cities which license the sale of liquor show that the number of such places licensed (drug-stores excluded) has been reduced from 3,022 to 1,257, or considerably more than one-half, while the revenue received from this source has been raised from $1,097,706 to $1,448,425, or nearly one-third. There is also a general agreement that the laws in regard to prompt closing, Sunday sales, sales to minors and to drunken persons are much more strictly complied with than ever before, the fear of losing so costly a privilege through misconduct proving very effective.

The recent Waterways Convention in West Superior was attended by delegates from Buffalo and all lake ports westward. Its aim was to unite the Northwest in pressure on Congress for securing a better waterway as soon as possible from the head of the lakes towards Eastern markets. Deep-water navigation is admitted to be the only competitor strong enough to keep down railroad rates, and hence is the best friend of farmers. All the commerce of Lake Superior passes through a lock at the Soo (Sault Ste. Marie). The depth of water there is properly sixteen feet, but, owing to an accident, all vessels drawing more than fourteen and one-half feet are obliged to transfer a portion of their cargoes to lighters. A lock is there in making which will receive vessels drawing eighteen feet, but the annual appropriation is so small that it is not likely to be finished for four years or more. The endeavor of the Convention is to rouse the people of the Northwest to demand of Congress money enough to finish the lock speedily. A further aim is to strive for a lock of twenty feet capacity and to improve the approaches to it, as well as to get Lake Superior harbors dredged to such a depth that all vessels which can pass the lock can enter the harbors. The appeal is in behalf of a tonnage of more than seven millions passing the Soo last year, and which will soon be doubled.

The waterways movement would have little to fear but for the abominations which make the river and harbor bills a stench in the nostrils of the public. But it is better that ten guilty escape than that one innocent perish. The Convention had nothing of a party or partisan character, but one speech at least is worth heeding by all parties. "We once," said Mr. Hill, "had an ocean commerce, but it is all gone, and now we have a commission travelling about the country to see whether we can preserve our internal commerce from the lines north of the boundary. The time was when American enterprise could feel sure that it would reap the fruits of its labor. But now it is bound and manacled. Ten years ago boats on Superior were 1,000 tons and rates five cents a bushel. Now, on boats of 3,000 tons wheat rates have dropped to three cents. These boats draw fourteen feet. Give me assurance of full eighteen feet, and I will have courage to build boats of 5,000 tons which would carry freight at half the present cost. If you shall at this Convention drive the entering-wedge for eighteen feet of water, you will serve the country better than you know."

The resolution adopted unanimously by the Electrical Convention at Niagara Falls, that the duties on copper ought to be repealed, and the appointment of a committee to prepare and circulate a petition to Congress for that purpose, constitute a very important movement towards the emancipation of industry. Most of the speakers who took part in the debate declared themselves protectionists, but said that the copper tariff was inconsistent with the principles of protection. In this they were right, if it can be said that protection has any principles. There never was any reason for putting a duty on copper or copper ore, except to promote a speculation in mining stocks, and to enable the owners of mines to hold the price of American copper at a higher figure than the price of their own copper in foreign markets. Henry Clay and all the fathers of the protective policy in this country would have stood aghast at the idea of putting a duty on an article which we habitually export. The only effect of such a duty is to enable the producers to form a combination against the consumers, and this has been done repeatedly. The last reported combination was formed in Boston last week, and it had the effect to advance the prices of mining stocks very materially both here and abroad.

If protection is an object to be sought for, then certainly the greatest good to the greatest number should govern in apportioning its gifts. The number of persons employed in the electrical industries exceeds the number employed in copper mining by ten to one, at a low calculation. Electric power is second only to steam power as a factor in the national wealth and industry, while electric lighting has probably overpassed gas lighting already in the number of lights and the number of hands employed. Copper is the prime raw material of this great and expanding industry. If the electricians will go to work systematically, and circulate their petition thoroughly among their producers, employees, and customers, they can secure the repeal of the copper tariff this winter. Public opinion, even in protectionist circles, was never much in favor of a duty on copper. Whatever toleration was accorded to it has been mainly demolished by the impudent attempt at Paris to monopolize the world's supply of this article, to which the American producers lent themselves, and from which they have reaped enormous profits, although the Paris syndicate came to grief.

A correspondent, writing to us in good faith, asks us what is the average rate of wages paid for mining coal in Pennsylvania. During the Presidential campaign we received similar questions even broader in scope and less intelligible, as, for example, what is the average rate of wages in Europe, or what is the cost of living in England, or what are the prices of the common necessaries of life in Germany? All such general interrogations are as incapable of answer as the question how many years ago the Glacial Epoch occurred. There is no more sense in coupling

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anthracite and bituminous coal or eastern and western Pennsylvania together to obtain an average rate of wages than in coupling either of them with the ice trade on the Hudson River. Nor is the average daily wage a measure of the remuneration of labor unless accompanied with the average of days of active employment per annum. When the great strike took place in the Schuylkill region in the year 1888, Prof. R. W. Raymond, a perfectly competent authority, made an investigation, in which he had the help of four accountants for two weeks, to ascertain what had been the wages paid for mining during eighteen months by a single company. The rate was fixed on a sliding scale, determined, above a certain minimum, by the market price of coal. Moreover, the miners worked by contract, not by the day. For the period named the average received for every day worked by any miner, good, bad, or indifferent, was $2.72. The contract miners averaged twenty-two days' employment to the month. Outside of contracts the wages paid (with a somewhat higher average of time per month in most cases) were: Miners, $1.93; miners' assistants, $1.66; ordinary underground laborers, $1.52 per day; outside labor, $1 to $1.25—*i. e.*, the usual country rates.

Objection has been raised to New York as a suitable place for holding the world's fair on the ground that it is "a foreign city." This means that New York has a larger proportion of citizens of foreign birth or foreign descent than most American cities. Seeing that Christopher Columbus was himself a foreigner, and that the celebration is in honor of his discoveries, the objection seems to be not very well founded. But if the question is to be decided on such grounds, it is quite certain that Chicago has nothing to boast of in superiority of blood. According to the last national census the population of New York was 1,206,299, of which 727,629 were of native and 478,670 of foreign birth. Almost exactly two-fifths were foreign and three-fifths native. The population of Chicago was 503,185, of which 298,326 were native and 204,859 foreign. The proportion here was almost the same, two-fifths to three-fifths. In St. Louis the ratio of native-born to foreign-born is slightly greater, but not sufficiently so to warrant boasting. The same ratio holds good within small limits for Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, while San Francisco has, or had in the census year, a larger foreign population in proportion to her total than any other American city, the number of natives being 129,715, and of foreigners 104,244. It is time to disown the distinction so freely bestowed upon New York, of being "a foreign city."

What *did* Mr. Bruce Ismay mean when he said on board the steamer *Teutonic* that being a member of the British Parliament was different from being a member of the American Senate or House of Representatives? Commodore Bateman pricked up his ears when this remark fell from Mr. Ismay's lips. Then the *Herald* pricked up its ears. Then the *Commercial Advertiser* and the *World* did likewise. Reporters scoured the city on Friday to interview Mr. Bateman and other passengers, and to worry Mr. Ismay as much as possible. In the latter endeavor they have met with some success, but the main question is still without a satisfactory answer. Mr. Ismay says that he was only joking, but he must now perceive that it is possible to carry a joke too far if Bateman is about. Bateman does not like jokes at the expense of Congress. Other passengers were found who thought that the incident had been greatly exaggerated. Mr. William J. Demarest was one such. He thought that "appreciation for one's country should be allied to common sense." This shows that Mr. Demarest is not a journalist, and has never been through a dry season of news. Every day brings its torment to the sensation editor, and when the crop of sexual irregularity languishes, the chance remark of some foreigner on board a steamship in mid-ocean may serve the turn till a new divorce, or prize-fight, or dog-fight cheers the hearts of our tired veterans. Who shall say that the freedom of the press is not the bulwark of our institutions?

The surrender of the British Ministry to the Opposition on the tithes question, after a division on which they were nearly beaten, must give a heavy blow to their prestige. The tithe question in England and Wales is substantially, but in a much less aggravated form, what it was in Ireland fifty years ago. In that country the bailiff or "proctor" of the Protestant parson used to go about every year and take a tenth of the Catholic farmer's produce for the support of a church to which he did not belong. The Catholics, after they had recovered a little of their independence, began to resist this as monstrous injustice, but it was only abolished after several years of furious and bloody agitation, in which Paddy's turbulence and lawlessness shocked the English public terribly. The same state of things has ever since prevailed in Wales. The Anglican Church is there established by law, but the bulk of the people are dissenters, and have to pay tithes for the support of the Anglican clergy, with whom they have nothing to do. Within the last year or two they have begun, as the Irish did, to resist by force, and, it having become evident that the question needed some sort of settlement, the Government brought in a bill mitigating the system somewhat both in England and in Wales, by taking away from the clergy the power of distraint. The Liberals thereupon demanded a radical change, on the Irish precedent, by making all tithes chargeable on the landlord in a fixed annual sum, and they have carried the day. The tenant will not much longer have to support the landlord's clergy, for in Wales as in Ireland it is only the upper classes who go to the Episcopal Church. The indignation excited among these classes by the unwillingness of the poor to support the ministers of the rich has been a marked, and somewhat comic, illustration of the power of prejudice.

One of the most striking features in the Maybrick case was Mrs. Maybrick's admission, when she came to make her "statement" to the Court at the close of her defence, that she had put the arsenic in the meat-juice which was discovered by the chemist, but had done so at her husband's request, and that she only knew it was a "white powder" which he was in the habit of taking. He told her, she said, "that it would not harm him if she put it into his food, and she consented." Unfortunately, however, she had at an earlier period of his illness spoken to several persons about the white powder which her husband was in the habit of taking, and which she was sure was injurious to him, and yet, when he wanted it again, and was desperately sick, she did not know what it was, and made no effort to keep it from him. She also told the Court of the devotion with which she had nursed him, and the agony with which she had witnessed his sufferings, and added: "In conclusion, my Lord, I have to say that for the love of our children, and for the sake of their future, a perfect reconciliation had taken place between us, and that on the day before his death I made a free confession to him of the fearful wrong I did him." Unfortunately for this, she was down to the last in correspondence with her paramour, making arrangements to cover up the traces of a trip they had made to London together, and giving him the assurance that the husband could not recover before the doctors had given him up.

Judge Stephen's remarks in his charge on "expert testimony," medical and other, were very sharp and characteristic. He warned the jury about the uncertainty of medical science, or rather art, and reminded them of the old saying which described "a doctor" as "a man who passed his time in putting drugs of which he knew little into a body of which he knew less." He also had a fling at the experts in other fields who appear before parliamentary committees and the like. He said a man going on the stand, and "calling himself this, that, or the other, by no means qualified him to receive unhesitating belief." "A great deal of what he might call scum had to be taken off the testimony of skilled witnesses, for—of course, probably insensibly to themselves—they were apt to become advocates rather than witnesses." As a matter of fact, the number of drugs which the doctors tried on Maybrick was something terrible. The list has been published by a London medical journal, with the remark that it was a disgrace to the profession. He was evidently subjected to a process of experimentation which would have been enough to bring a man in health into a very low condition, much more a man who, in addition to what the doctors were giving him, was getting little daily doses of arsenic from somebody else. What makes expert testimony unreliable is a nice question of psychology. Most experts go on the stand perfectly honest men, but the influence of their retainer on the mind, though subtle, seems in most cases to be overwhelming.

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AVAILABLE SUPPLIES OF MONEY.

THE reduction of the surplus reserve of the Associated Banks to barely three and a half millions in the middle of August calls general attention to the position of our money market, and to the money locked up in the National Treasury. The movement of currency to the West, and even to the South, has begun; the past week was virtually the first in this year's movement, and it ended with a bank statement which shows a very narrow margin of reserve. At the same time, the rates for money on call ruled comparatively low, not over 3 to 4 per cent., and the rates for time loans on collateral security and for the best commercial paper were about 5 per cent. These rates are fully 1 per cent. higher than those recently current, but they indicate no anxiety as to the supply of money to lend, and, as a matter of fact, the feeling among borrowers and lenders seems to have been unusually free from anxiety so far. Higher rates are generally anticipated before long, but most bankers appear to think that an active 6 per cent. market would bring all the funds needed, and quicken the public confidence in a prosperous season by showing the substantial character of the demand for loans. But all opinions make one reservation, the familiar one of nearly a generation, namely, that much would depend on the action of the Secretary of the Treasury. And much will depend upon it, beyond a question.

At the present time the Treasury has what it calls an "available balance" of about $70,000,000, of which it has some $43,000,000 on deposit in national banks, and holds Government bonds as security for the same. Some of these deposits are for the convenience of the Treasury, a kind of working capital necessary in the prosecution of its daily business; the amount is a matter of estimate, but is known to be larger than it was a few years ago, and is probably from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000. The remainder consists of deposits virtually or actually solicited by the banks, and it has been a great help to the money market, though it has enabled speculators, individual and corporate, to carry Government bonds at artificially low rates of interest even while the Treasury itself was the chief buyer of bonds. But the total of such deposits is much less than the Treasury's available balance, and the excess is withheld from productive use, and serves chiefly to tantalize the business community.

How to get this idle hoard into circulation is the constant puzzle. Mr. Windom is reported as asking how he is to get bonds if people will not sell them to him, and other people echo the question as if it were an answer to the difficulties of the situation. If money should really become close, a useful preliminary step would be to prepay the interest on the public debt for a twelvemonth. The great bulk of the debt is now in registered form, so that, when the books are closed for the quarterly payment of interest, it would be easy for the Treasury to order the checks made out for a whole year's interest. Notice would be given at the same time to holders of coupon bonds that the Treasury would cash, without rebate, their coupons for a year's interest. The time for payment of interest on the 4½ per cents is immediately at hand, and the much larger payments on the 4 per cents are due on the 1st of October.

The Secretary might also consider the character of his deposits in the national banks. Where the deposits are made for his convenience in the transaction of public business, it may be well enough to consider the services of the banks as an equivalent for the use of the money. But where the deposits are for the convenience of the banks and their customers, he need not hesitate to demand 2 per cent. interest upon them. The law empowers him to make such deposits, with security of Government bonds and under such regulations as he may prescribe. If he will observe that these deposits without interest enable the holders of bonds to withhold them from sale, he will be in a position to judge whether the exaction of a little interest would not serve him better as a buyer of bonds.

Here are two steps, then, which it can do no harm to bring forward for consideration, both by Mr. Windom and by the business community; and the first of them, the prepayment of interest for a year, would give time for decision upon the second as a separate matter. Both are within the Secretary's own control, and in this they differ from the purchase of bonds under present conditions, since sellers are needed in the latter case. Rumors arise from time to time of a large parcel of bonds to be offered, publicly or privately, to the Treasury; but people who have blocks of bonds to offer can postpone their offers until tight money has enabled them to buy stocks in Wall Street at depressed prices, which they could certainly sell out to great advantage after disposing of their bonds, and it would be a pity if the inaction of the Treasury should thus endow Government bonds with the pecuniary advantages of loaded dice.

It seems probable that, by the methods indicated, Mr. Windom would not only give large and early relief while the crops are moving, but also make bonds more easy to buy, for the purchase of bonds is at present his only means of really reducing the surplus, and, therefore, it is to be kept in view as the aim of any expedients suggested; and in this manner the time would be well spent until Congress meets, when the business of reducing the Government's income will once more be in order.

In speaking of the present available balance in the Treasury, we have neglected the money just set aside for next month's pensions, because it is not to be disbursed until September, and by that time about as much will again have accumulated, unless there is a sudden increase in the quantity of bonds purchased.

THE KILLING OF TERRY.

DAVID S. TERRY, who was shot last week by Marshal Nagle when committing an assault of the grossest character on a judge of the United States Supreme Court, belonged to a class who all deserved sudden death by the pistol, and who generally got their deserts. Terry's long survival must be considered a piece of rare good luck. He was a desperado of thirty years' standing, who during all that period carried his life in his hand, and lived among other desperadoes as bad as himself. Their failure to murder him long ago is only explicable on the ground assigned by the Irish car-driver in *Punch* to a land-agent for the great delay in killing the agent's predecessor—that "what was everybody's business was nobody's business." Somebody ought to have killed Terry a quarter of a century ago—if not the public executioner, some friend of civilization—but the obligation was so general that nobody in particular felt bound by it. But the delay was fortunate, inasmuch as it led to his dying most suitably, when in the act of committing one of his worst offences, an assault on a judge who had decided against him. Attorney-General Miller is entitled to the thanks of the community for furnishing the Judge with proper protection, and the Marshal for doing his duty in such a manner as to save us the shame of seeing a ruffian get off with a short term of imprisonment for publicly beating a judge of our highest court. We must be thankful that Terry did not begin his violence, as he undoubtedly would have ended it, with Justice Field's murder.

Terry was really a very interesting specimen of a class which may now be considered almost extinct, even at the South, where he originated and got his notions of honor and morality—a class which we have heard admirably described by a witty member of our bar as a "regular ante-bellum blackguard." He was, as most of them were, more than a blackguard. He had force of character, great courage, and doubtless some knowledge of the law, for he was a Chief Justice in the early days of California, but a person as much out of place in our modern industrial and busy communities as a tiger in a barnyard. The whole tribe owed their existence to the inordinate value attached in the South, in the slavery days, to personal courage as one of the social virtues, and which they accordingly soon learned to use as a cover for every variety of social defect—drunkenness, quarrelsomeness, idleness, and general business untrustworthiness. They had, in fact, to be quarrelsome in order to bring their peculiar virtue into play and make it tell on their social standing; but it was a virtue which, of course, has comparatively small value in any community in which the administration of justice is efficient and the police reasonably vigilant.

Terry's death reminds us forcibly of the changes all parts of the country—New York, as well as the Southern States and the Pacific Coast—have undergone since he rose into fame by killing Broderick. Broderick, though a man of good character and considerable ability, was simply a ward politician and saloon-keeper and the foreman of a fire company when he emigrated from New York to California, and yet his death convulsed the public in New York as a great political calamity. But the community which was convulsed was not shocked by see-

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ing one of the most notorious ruffians of the day—the leader of more than one riot—Isaiah Rynders, occupying the place of United States Marshal, and gave Bill Poole, a political pugilist killed in a bar-room fight, one of the most imposing funerals ever seen in the city.

Terry was, in fact, in his beginnings a man of his time, but must have felt himself ever since the war the member of a rapidly disappearing variety of the *Homo Americanus*. In the South his congeners are nearly all gone. Almost every month carries one of them off, either through wounds received in "battle," or through the action of alcohol on his mucous membrane. What their ideas of post-mortem existence were it would be interesting to know, but we have never heard that any of them published his views on a future life. They were seldom men of a speculative or meditative turn of mind, and probably occupied themselves with no subject of a metaphysical character, except the nature and requirements of "honor." But certainly heaven as a place of peace and rest, with no bars, no "difficulties," and no "code," and no "gentlemen of the old school," cannot have had much attraction for them.

The killing of Terry has called forth some, but not much, discussion of the law of the matter, owing to the fact that it was not Nagle that Terry attacked, but another man, and that therefore Nagle did not act in self-defence. But the justifiability of Nagle's act is a question for a jury, and a jury will take all the circumstances into consideration, including Terry's reputation and his threats. The question jurymen will inevitably ask themselves is, whether a Federal police officer was bound to stand by and make perfectly sure that Terry was going to murder Judge Field before drawing a weapon against him; and also whether, after becoming satisfied in his own mind that Terry did mean to commit a murder, he was bound to make an attempt to disarm him by means of a personal tussle before using his pistol. What would have happened if Nagle had waited was, that Judge Field would instinctively have risen and attempted some resistance to his assailant, and then the assailant would, as usual in such cases, have "believed" he was drawing a knife or pistol on him, and have killed him on the spot. There will not be in the mind of any juryman the smallest doubt that Terry contemplated murder, and no American juryman will hold that a United States marshal is bound to witness a murder which he has every reason to expect before interfering by the only means which he is warranted in thinking likely to be effectual. The great use of juries in our system of jurisprudence is to apply to situations of this sort the common sense of every-day life. All unpremeditated killing is surrounded by circumstances which constitute justifiability or unjustifiability, and of the weight of these jurymen are the sole judges.

APPEALS IN CRIMINAL CASES.

THERE is a great outcry just now, apropos of the Maybrick case, over the absence in England of appeal in capital cases. As a matter of fact, there is an appeal to the full bench if the judge who tries the case certifies that any points of law have been raised in the course of the trial about which there is reasonable doubt. In addition to this there is a very much more valuable appeal than we have here—to the Home Secretary, not on points of law only, but on the merits of the case; that is, an appeal against the verdict of the jury. It is a mistake to suppose that this is in practice an appeal to one man, who may or may not be a lawyer, and may or may not be fitted to pass on complicated questions either of law or fact. In the present instance the Home Secretary happens to be a lawyer of considerable experience, who would have been fully competent to try the Maybrick case himself.

But even if he were not, he would not pass on a capital case, and no Home Secretary ever does, out of his own head. He calls into consultation everybody who is likely to give him efficient help in arriving at a decision—lawyers, doctors, and chemists—and he goes over not only the law, but the evidence. He does, in fact, more than any court of appeals would do or is ever likely to do in such circumstances. As a general rule, all that our Court of Appeals does is to examine the procedure in the trial for the discovery of technical defects, and it is on technical defects that new trials are almost always ordered. We do not speak with authority, but we do speak with considerable confidence, when we say that within the last twenty years no murderer has obtained a new trial from our Court of Appeals on points directly affecting the question of guilt or innocence. If anybody convicted of murder has secured any such reëxamination of his case as Mrs. Maybrick's is now receiving, and has been accorded a fresh trial because material evidence for or against him was either excluded or slighted, we should be much obliged to anybody who will cite the case to us.

In truth, we have no veritable appeal in criminal cases. We have no court which undertakes to revise the verdict of the jury. What the Court of Appeals does is to see whether the case was put before the jury in a technically correct manner, and this is not the real appeal which the Maybrick public is clamoring for. What it seeks is a court which will protect the prisoner against the jury, and discover "reasonable doubt" where the jury could see none. Is it possible to set up such a court in this country or in England without reducing trial by jury to a mere form or abolishing it altogether? We think not. We do not see where the materials for it are to be found. It would not be possible to establish any court which would be able to withstand waves of popular excitement about a criminal trial. All such popular attacks on the verdict of a jury or the rulings of a judge are in the nature of a plébiscite or *referendum*—that is, of a withdrawal of the whole case from professional examination and its submission to a mass-meeting.

The confidence with which the Liverpool public is now demanding Mrs. Maybrick's pardon or the commutation of her sentence is based on exactly the same peculiarities of human nature which dictated one of the telegrams received by a United States Senator during the Johnson impeachment trial: "Kansas has heard the evidence, and demands the conviction of the President." If we substitute Liverpool or London for "Kansas," we get a fair idea of the value a court of criminal appeal would have if Liverpool or London took it into its head to "hear the evidence" and deliver judgment. Why should the decision of two or three or four judges have any more weight against 1,000 merchants, brokers, members of Parliament, and mothers of families, than Judge Stephen, the jury, and Mr. Matthews? We know of no reason. We are witnessing to-day on a smaller scale the same sort of *referendum* in Sullivan's case. He has been convicted on the clearest evidence of having fought a prize-fight in the State of Mississippi. There is no doubt about the facts, nor is there any about the law, but he is appealing just the same, in the belief that Mississippi, or the United States, or some other large body of people, "has heard the evidence" and demands an acquittal, and that the Court of Appeals will take this into account.

THE SUMMER BOARDER'S FUTURE.

SOME years ago we discussed in these columns the rapid expulsion, which was then going on, of the American Summer Boarder by the Cottager from nearly all the choicest resorts on the eastern coast. At the time when we wrote, the Boarder had been totally driven out of Newport, and was threatened with a similar fate in Lenox and Bar Harbor, and had sought a precarious refuge in the White Mountains, the Catskills, at Northeast Harbor, and some other points along the shore of Mt. Desert Island. Since then his disappearance from Bar Harbor may be said to be complete. There are Boarders there still, but they are only a feeble and disheartened remnant of a once powerful and jovial tribe, and try in every way to escape observation or conceal their real character. There are one or two very expensive hotels in which the guests all live in "suites" of rooms, in which they still present a bold front, and try to feel at ease, but their smiles are like light on graves. As to the large old hotels like Rodick's, in which whole armies of Boarders once led a happy and careless existence, and from which they sallied forth proudly, and even ostentatiously, on fine mornings, there are now few indeed who are willing to enter or leave them without seeing whether the street is clear of the Cottagers' wagons and victorias.

At Northeast Harbor, to which a great many Bar Harbor Boarders have retreated, their career, which for a few years was very peaceful and undisturbed, is rapidly drawing to a close. The Cottager there grows yearly in numbers and power. He has bought up nearly all the land along that portion of the coast, and holds it himself at high prices for sites, or has taught the once simple-minded, but now astute and sophisticated,

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native to do so. Moreover, many Boarders there are simply Cottagers in embryo, so to speak. All Boarders are by no means ready either to submit to extermination or fly to the mountains, like the ancient Britons. Very large numbers prefer the Saxon method of letting themselves be absorbed by their conquerors. That is, as soon as they begin to perceive that the invasion of the Cottager is inevitable and not far off, they shrewdly make preparations to become Cottagers themselves by purchasing lots in the neighborhood which, as Boarders, they have learned to know and love. Many a Boarder lives for years in this status of inchoate Cottager, leading to all outward appearance a Boarder's life, and taking to his friends and to the companions of his walks and drives and picnics a Boarder's view of life, while all the while a Cottager at heart, and determined when the time comes to throw off all disguise and openly abandon his brethren and build on his lot. We do not mean to say there is anything discreditable in this. Very few of us, indeed, who are over thirty years of age have been always Cottagers. There are very few Cottagers who have never been Boarders; fewer still who were born Cottagers. Therefore, there has been in nearly every Cottager's existence a transition period, a process of evolution—so to speak—which converted him from a Boarder into a Cottager, and this process must necessarily have been in most cases a slow one, with more than one stage in it. It is not every character which could support a process of sudden conversion. Even the strongest natures are best prepared for the responsibilities of Cottage life by holding, for a longer or shorter period, a Cottage lot, with the intention, concealed or expressed, of building on it—with the *animus ædificandi*, as the jurists would say.

In Lenox, the Boarder is holding out rather longer than a few years ago seemed likely, owing to the existence there of one of the most remarkable hotels in the country, around which there has hung for half a century a tradition, now to many memories a tender one, which Mrs. Kemble's recent little book, 'Far Away and Long Ago,' will do much to freshen—the tradition of a time when any one who spoke of Lenox called up the association of simplicity with refinement, of high thinking with plain living, of good company with small outlay. As long as there is a "Curtis's" in the village, the Boarder will there probably be able to surround himself with a certain dignity, and make for himself "a season" in which the Cottager will be willing to participate; but even there his extinction cannot be far distant, because he is abusing his privileges. He now goes there, in too many cases, on the pretence of enjoying the air and the scenery, when his real aim is "to get into society" among the Cottagers. Now this has the seeds of ruin in it. The Boarder's strength lay in the simplicity of his habits, and what we may call the austerity of his mind. His chance of survival rests on the general belief that he seeks in boarding an escape from the social frivolities of city life. It is this, and this alone, which can either support his self-respect or win the respect of the Cottager. As soon as it becomes plain that he is really a social sycophant, and that he goes to the country in quest of pomps and vanities which were not within his reach in his city home, his doom is sealed; his disappearance from the saloons and dining-rooms of the Cottager is not far distant.

We have said that the Boarder has until now enjoyed comparative peace and security in the Catskills and White Mountains. Considering how great the natural charms of both these regions are, and how pure and invigorating the air, the failure of the Cottager to pursue him into his fastnesses can only be explained on the assumption that the Cottager has thus far been fascinated by the seashore, and has therefore not turned his attention to the mountains. But that this period of security is likely to come to an end before long is, we think, shown by the success of such novel combinations of cottage and boarding life as Tuxedo Park, and the proposed trial of two or three similar experiments in the Catskills—that is, the experiment of a club-house, surrounded by cottages, and supplying them, if need be, with food, in a park of its own. Should these Catskill experiments succeed, the Boarders who now in that region hold the most attractive sites without disturbance may well shake in their shoes. When the Cottager acquires a taste for the mountains, he certainly will not be satisfied with spots where there is no view, and where there are no attractive walks or drives, and he needs as much space for himself alone as would satisfy a hundred Boarders.

Moreover, the Catskill boarding-house keeper is not enamoured of the Boarder. He does not welcome him in the summer because he enjoys his society, or loves to see him consume his fresh fruit and vegetables and his pure milk, and sit under his shade trees. On the contrary, he hates him, and would, if he could, strip him of everything he possesses in the world, and, in fact, makes such vigorous attempts in that direction that, under Darwin's great law of natural selection, the Catskill Boarder now generally belongs to that race whose wits have been so sharpened by ages of oppression that they are better fitted than any other to meet the extortioner in the gate, and foil his nefarious designs on the purses of the industrious and economical. The boarding-house keeper will, therefore, be restrained by no sentimental considerations from selling houses and lots to Cottagers and clubs, and moving with the proceeds into the adjacent village to lead a life of leisure in his shirt-sleeves. Where the Boarder will then go, it is hard to say; probably further back from the river into remoter mountain ranges, after the fashion of all defeated and despondent races. His tale is the ancient tale of wrong, "chanted from an ill-used race of men."

BOULANGER'S INDICTMENT.

THE case of the Government against Gen. Boulanger, as stated by the Procureur-Général before the High Court of Justice, has reached us, and, if even half its allegations were supported by proof, it is enough to make every Frenchman hang his head for shame over the fact that such a sorry charlatan should ever have obtained a majority in any constituency whatever, much less have become a sort of popular hero.

The charges are, in brief, that when he was in command at Tunis he employed secret agents, of whom one was an old prostitute and the other a journalist several times convicted of swindling; that he shared a commission of $40,000 with a disreputable lobby agent in an army coffee contract; that he was concerned in the job of an epaulette contractor; that, while Minister of War, he maintained an advertising bureau which distributed forty-one different chromo-portraits of himself; that he spent, for the same purpose, $60,000 of the secret-service money of the War Department on the newspapers; that he took money unlawfully out of the treasury of the Department; that he spent $30,000 of the secret-service money on a military club; that just before leaving the War Department he took $6,000 for himself; that he had paid off, while in office, $12,000 of debts without any visible accession of fortune; that he furnished an apartment handsomely with the public money; that he conspired with Rochefort, Soudey, and others to get up a riot at the Lyons station when he was leaving Paris; that he came secretly to Paris from Clermont-Ferrand without leave; that he prepared a coup d'état when M. Grévy was going out of office; that he got up a plébiscitary campaign after leaving the army; and that he was in possession of large sums of money, the source of which he dared not reveal.

To some of these charges Boulanger opposes a flat denial; but he does not deny his drafts on the secret-service money: he simply says that other Ministers of War had done the same thing, and he makes the astounding explanation that part of the money was used to procure the theft by night of the private papers of the military attaché of one of the great Powers ("faire enlever, une nuit, sans qu'il s'en doutât, les papiers secrets de l'attaché militaire d'une grande puissance").

The account given by the Procureur-Général of Boulanger's principal followers is so bad as to be positively diverting. His chief lieutenant is, as everybody knows, "Count" Dillon. The popular legend about Dillon was that he was the lineal descendant of the Dillon who once commanded the Irish Brigade, and added an illustrious house to the French noblesse; that he was also a man of very large fortune, which he was spending in the most unselfish manner in promoting the General's cause. The Procureur's story is, however, and he appears to have supported it with abundant documentary and other evidence, that Dillon is no count at all, but a man of humble origin, who in 1882 married his mistress, a disreputable singer at the Grand Theatre; that he was for some years in the army, but left it in 1869, in consequence of bad repute in his regiment; that after leaving it he lived extravagantly in

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Paris, but was sold out by his creditors and dismissed by his mistress, who had contributed handsomely to his support; that he tried to buy carriages on false pretences; that he returned to the army in 1870, but, having cheated several persons, including a female hotel-keeper, he was dismissed the service again. After this he had some other disgraceful adventures in London.

Dillon is not, however, the worst of the lot. The account given of some of the other agents, particularly Buret, the swindling journalist, and his female colaborer, is still worse, but too unsavory for reproduction. The Procureur dwelt strongly on the fact that Boulanger's known income was only $2,500, and yet he was spending enormous sums of money, part of which undoubtedly came from abroad, and possibly from Germany. The most crushing thing among the proofs found among his papers was letters from officers in the army, whom he had corrupted into adhesion to his plans, and one of which asked for "a Second of December." In fact, both in the means used to promote his designs and in the character of the men who surround him, Boulanger bears a striking resemblance to Louis Napoleon in 1849.

Dillon is a trifle more disreputable than St. Arnaud and Persigny or Fialin, as described by Kinglake; but the main lines in their character and career are curiously alike. In truth, the whole Boulanger movement seems to have been another attempt of a parcel of penniless adventurers to get at the public treasury, and they have achieved an amount of success which may fairly be called startling, in view of the experience the French people has already had.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S OPENING SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE.

PORT BANNATYNE, August 4, 1889.

AMID the enchanting scenery of the Clyde, in one of those pleasant hydropathic establishments which owe their success to the homogeneous and temperate character of Scotch middle-class society, and in this delightful summer weather, I have read over Sir Charles Russell's great six-day speech as published in attractive book form by Macmillan. A plain, business-like arrangement of facts and evidence, generally with little attempt at oratory, it shows what first-class human intellect is capable of when trained and tempered by a first-class forensic education. Masterly as the *speech* was, the *book* is, however, somewhat disappointing. The speech answered its purpose as an address, but it does not bear reading like one of Burke or Sheridan or John Bright. We shall be disappointed if we take it up as an exhaustive mine of information regarding contemporary Irish history, or a satisfactory commentary on the politics of our time. The field of evidence and fact Sir Charles Russell had to review was so immense that any other than his treatment of the subject would have defeated his object as an advocate. Twenty pages of notes of illustrative facts and figures drawn from the Devon, the Bessborough, the Cowper Commissions, and the Reports of the Land Commission established by the act of 1881, would have made this an invaluable handbook to current Irish history. As it is, it is merely a well-printed issue of a great speech, delivered in one of the most peculiar and important trials ever conducted before a bench of English judges. More attention to its preparation in book form was, in the middle of the Commission, doubtless out of the power of Sir Charles, and if he had waited for the termination of the case (perhaps next Christmas), it would have fallen flat on the public.

The perusal recalls vividly the long agony of the last ten years in Ireland—a period easily reviewed, but which was difficult enough to live through for those who, while acutely sympathizing with the Irish cause and understanding the necessity for and the inevitableness of the struggle, were yet impelled to measure its incidents and conduct by theories of right and wrong perhaps too narrow for the circumstances. It is easy now, surveying the battle-ground, to see the justification of the struggle in the acts of Parliament wrung from an unwilling Commons, a hostile House of Lords, and an unsympathetic sovereign, and in the work accomplished by Mr. Parnell by changing the temper of the islands towards each other, and rendering possible a settlement honorable to both, without compromising the sensibilities or historic pride of either. The Irish attitude ten years ago is fairly expressed in a manifesto then circulated in opposition to Parnell, portions of which are given at page 219 of the book before us:

"It is inconsistent with the principles of true nationality for any patriotic Irishman to accept a seat in an alien parliament, because by so doing he surrenders his rights and the rights of his country into the hands of men who are opposed to its best interests, and becomes a participator in the alien system which keeps Ireland enslaved. The Irishman who becomes a member of it is either the victim of some mental delusion, a slave, or an enemy."

The feelings of most Irish Nationalists at home and abroad were then bitter and hopeless. Without outraging these feelings or ostracizing any party, Parnell insisted upon being allowed to try the experiment of working the cause his own way; and we have the result, at least so far as sentiment is concerned, when he—the unquestioned representative of the Irish people at home and abroad—fêted a few days ago in Edinburgh, could speak of the freedom desired by Ireland being "all that Ireland can justly and legitimately claim"; "legitimate Irish freedom"; "such freedom as will enable us to promote our own prosperity, while on the other hand no danger can follow to your greater and far more important interests in this country." In the magnitude of the achievement it is unnecessary to dwell too much on the means and events which led to it. Many a man who would have given his heart's blood for the results now attained, could not fully endorse and join in the movement as it proceeded. If Ireland and England could have been drawn together as they now are by a five years' war, in which half a million of lives were sacrificed and half a million sterling added to the national debt, history would hardly have considered the cost excessive.

The impeachment of Parnell and his associates for their work is a strange paradox. Would their accusers desire to revert to the *status quo ante bellum?* Stranger still are the charges upon which they are tried—vague and unformulated charges, which Sir Charles Russell has set forth under nine heads in chapter xxii of his speech. The Attorney-General and his associates, after the labor of months, with all the powers and resources of Government at their disposal, have been unable to bring to light anything of importance with which readers of the ordinary newspapers for the past ten years were not conversant. A prominent question with unbiassed thinkers on the subject must be: How could the Conservative party, a few years ago, negotiate upon the friendliest terms with men whom they now regard as guilty of the most heinous offences, seeing that those offences preceded the negotiations? Setting aside party motives, the answer is not far to seek. The charges and allegations are the outcome of the opinions of the Irish minority regarding Parnell, his followers, and their movements. The Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, the mouthpiece of that minority, the instigator of the whole business, was roused to life and action by the imminence of the danger, as shown by Gladstone's formulation of home rule. The Conservative coalition with the Parnellites was before that event. Conservative fears and prejudices had not then been worked upon, as they have been latterly, by the Irish minority. The English Conservatives could act in accordance with their own supposed interests at the time, considering the Irish Nationalists simply as a political party. On this question they have since been biassed by the I. L. P. U. The Nationalists, apparently within reach of their goal in the spring of 1886, were in reality, so far as English opinion was concerned, only entering on their real difficulties. They appeared at that time at the point of gaining their desire, to some extent, through having made themselves an intolerable nuisance. They have since then had to undertake the far more difficult task of argument and enlightenment. An organized Irish propaganda in Great Britain, through speakers and the dissemination of campaign literature, dates from the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's measure. The Irish minority was nowhere in England. The Parnellites the English had ever with them. The lesson in the parable of the importunate widow seemed about to be strikingly exemplified.

The bitterness shown in the conduct of the Commission is due mainly to the heartfelt convictions of the Irish minority regarding the character and intentions of the majority of their fellow-countrymen and the national leaders. The ease with which Houston and Maguire and their backers (honest and sincere men, I believe) let themselves be duped by Pigott, arose from the fact that they were already convinced that Parnell and his associates were guilty of all Pigott could lay to their charge. The letters fell in with preconceived ideas. I knew Prof. Maguire personally. The rôle he assumed was against his interests and natural instincts. One of those at least who supplied Houston with funds I know to be a fair-minded, high-principled gentleman. The acquittal as to the letters in the minds of all reasonable men has made no appreciable difference in the attitude of the Irish minority towards the Irish party. This is proof, if any were needed, that hostility depended not on the guilt or innocence of the accused regarding the letters, but on the conviction that the only chance for the maintenance of ascendancy lies in the destruction of Parnell and his movement.

Nothing more inflames the passions than the danger of losing power; nothing more inclines men to hold their opponents guilty of every crime under the sun. The surest warrant that the present struggle, be it long or short, must be fought out to a successful termination by the Irish majority, is that the minority, most of the wealthy, many of the best educated, most enlightened, and conscientious, can live with and by means of the majority in utter ignorance of their real character, proclivities, and desires. No falser estimate was ever made of a body of men than that formed by the Irish minority (and expressed in the charges

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and allegations) regarding Parnell and his party. If ever a political movement was necessary, the present Irish movement is so; if ever a movement was justified by results, it has been justified. To its necessity and inevitableness the minority remain blind. They regard the majority, among whom they live, as men restrained only by coercion and bayonets from compassing the destruction of the ascendancy class. In spite of the clearest facts to the contrary, they, from year to year, conjure up the hallucination that the Irish people do not think what they profess to think, nor trust those they profess to trust; that they are not actuated by the instincts and motives of other races. If only for the sake of the minority, the fence must be removed which separates them from the majority, and which alone made it possible to cherish such unmanly conceptions regarding the mass of their fellow-countrymen. This Commission and the I. L. P. U. pamphlets and campaign in Great Britain against home rule bring before the Irish people more clearly than ever the real sentiments of the ascendancy class towards them. When conscientious and able men (like Mr. T. W. Russell, who for years devoted himself to philanthropic work for the benefit of the Irish people) can take the attitude they have assumed towards the majority, what must be the views of half-educated, ignorant Orangemen? All this has, I believe, increased an undying determination in the people not to submit to government by a suspicious and scornful minority.

The Commission has not been an unmitigated evil. It may prove an important factor in the political education of the Irish people. Ireland in the vice of British power, face to face with British stolidity, Irish society permeated and dominated by the Castle system—I do not believe effectual land reform could have been attained without a severe struggle and the perpetration of horrors; but the Commission has shown us as in a mirror the dangers of such a contest, the demoralization inevitably entailed upon a population that resorts to or tolerates outrages. Should the report of the Commission and the exertions of the I. L. P. U. so influence the English people as to secure a majority against home rule at the next elections, the resources and determination of the Irish people will not be exhausted. They must sooner or later in some way assert their wishes and accomplish their desires. Their again resorting to questionable means has, however, been rendered less likely by the sitting of the Commission and by Sir Charles Russell's masterly exposition of the Irish case. D. B.

ITALY'S ALLIES AND WAR SCARES.

LENDINARA, July 27.

EVER since the "fatal year" of 1870, rumors of "war for certain," "war inevitable," have come as regularly as swallows in the spring. With the exception of the Eastern disturbance of 1877, no wars have followed on these rumors, and this spring their echoes were fainter, further off, and lasted fewer weeks than usual. The fact that the French people were bent on making their exhibition a success left fewer idle hands for mischief; the fear that the young Emperor of Germany would prove a fire-brand was, like most prophetic fears and hopes about heirs apparent, unfulfilled.

The war cloud lifted, but the rain clouds emptied themselves, dashing the wheat, just as the ears were swelling, to the ground, where the bind-weed, serpent-like, enfolded and held it prostrate; tempests of wind and hail denuded the almond, cherry, peach, and pear trees of their flower-promise wealth of fruit, washing off the early grapes and fostering every disease to which the vine is heir. Hence the one question for the owners was: How shall we pay our taxes? and for the farmers: *How shall we pay our rent?* And a bad, sad harvest we have had, "more straw than corn," the hemp and flax crops ruined, fruit at a price unheard of in Italy, and polenta (the staple food of the people) a third dearer than in ordinary years, the price increasing instead of decreasing in the present wheat-harvest month. Still, the maize crops had benefited by the rains, and the vines were looking up; the year with a bad beginning might end well after all! Now, suddenly, like the hurricane that swept over Ferrara the other day, comes a war panic in midsummer—whence, none but the initiated know, but it is real and widespread, nor do people pooh-pooh it as in the springtime.

A fortnight since, the bright, stalwart young peasant who works in the orchard came in at his usual hour, five A. M., with clouded, sullen face. "I am summoned for the military exercises; I must go." "Why, you only finished your full term last year!" "Surely, or I should not have married this spring." "But Angelo is in for his three years!" (There are four brothers, so the State takes the first and the third, the second and fourth passing into the "second category.") "Yes! Angelo has just served six months and has twenty-four more to finish his term. The father is only just recovering from a dangerous illness; he can't follow the plough or carry sacks into the granary; he must take on an extra hand for a month; how shall we pay our rent?" I fancied there must be some mistake till the post brought in a letter from a young professor of natural science, a year-old husband and a month-old father—master in the Lyceum of Teramo: "Adieu, visions of home and keeping father company [the writer is of Mantua, and his father, one of Garibaldi's Benjamins, is slowly dying of a torturing disease]. August and September we are called out." The writer had done his duty as a volunteer, paying the 1,300 lire premium for the privilege of getting through his term in a year and run the risks of the "calls." "So!"—the only word expressive of the situation—"So! it looks like war," is the trite observation of every one you meet. "The King has actually left San Rossore." "Crispi has not accompanied his family to Naples, or Castellamare, but, after six months' uninterrupted work and anxiety, remains alone in Rome."

To put the popular scare clearly: Take a provincial paper of Padua whose correspondent has interviewed a personage of great weight in political circles:

"'Why has the King returned to Rome?'

"'Summoned by state duties. Most alarming news has come from Vienna. Austria has decided to put a curb on the Servian agitators egged on by Russia, and she means to take the initiative. She will not proclaim war, but, at a given moment, will cross the Servian frontier; Russia will accept the challenge by crossing the Bulgarian frontier; the rest goes of itself. In Galicia, the Austrian and Russian troops may find themselves face to face, armed to the teeth, from one minute to another.'

"'Well, what's all this to Italy?'

"'Italy is bound to place at Austria's disposal all the troops that are not necessary for the defence of her own territory—some 250,000, probably under the orders of Gen. Cosenz. Whether these troops are to fight or only to keep a portion of the enemy in check, I can't say. What is certain is, that she is bound to lend her contingent.'

"'And France: will she mix herself up in the quarrel?'

"'Who knows? If the Boulanger troubles increase, as likely as not. France is far more fully prepared than we think. For Alsace and Lorraine the war material has been kept ready on the railroad; 200,000 can at once cross the frontier. If France goes in for war, she will at once occupy the Alpine passes.'

"'Can we defend them?'

"'Yes, if we spend $20,000,000 on fortifications! I fear that the immediate occupation of the frontier towns would be inevitable, and that our camp of defence will be the classic Franco-Italian battlefield. Piedmont.'

"'Ho! he! And on sea?'

"'I believe the English fleet will be with us. The preparations for the naval manœuvres [after the passage of the Defence Bill] for inspection on the 3d of August by the German Emperor is not an ordinary naval review; the mobilization of the fleet is just the same as it would be in war time.'

"'When will the fight come off?'

"'Oh! I expect the first shot will be fired in September.'

That all sane readers on your side of the Atlantic will think the above lines an attempt to make April fools out of date, I can quite believe. Yet, even while I am writing the above, arrives from the province of Brescia a tall, pale lad, just one and twenty, the second son of the widow of one of Garibaldi's best officers, with the unwelcome news that he is "in for his three years." Now, this young follow, owing to illness, general debility, and narrowness of chest and shoulders, was considered so safe from the conscription that he declined his mother's offer to pay the deposit which would enable him to go as a one-year volunteer. Last year he drew his number, and it was a low one, but at the medical visit he was dismissed "for want of breadth in the thorax." This year, though he has not gained a hair's breadth, he is passed as "able," and must rough it as a common soldier in the ranks for the next three years, even if peace endures.

The war scare will pass, but meanwhile the normal life of peaceful citizens of every class is disturbed, and the millions on millions squandered "on calling out all the classes," on summoning and retaining all the conscripts of the year—*i. e.*, all those born in 1868—must come out of the people's pocket by hook or by crook. And if not to-day, "to-morrow" is the now universal conviction, for although the text of the Triple Alliance has never been officially published, it can no longer be doubted that if Germany be attacked by France, or Austria goes in for a war with Russia, Italy is bound to support either or both of her "allies," to offend their enemies even as to defend their actual possessions. How she drifted into the Triple Alliance is a curious psychological episode for disinterested students of national problems, but the alliance itself is a harassing fact for those who remember the fable of the earthenware and copper pots. Italy, whose greatest statesman and patriot had warned her to keep her hands free, tied them both fast, and found herself compelled to spend right and left to place her army and her navy in a condition worthy of her membership in the Triple Alliance.

Bismarck's failure to induce Russia to join the alliance proved how fallacious was the foundation on which the hopes of universal peace were built. At the expiration of the five years' term, the intense irritation on the part of France had somewhat subsided, her armaments on land and sea, brought as nearly to perfection as an unlimited budget could make them, were avowedly directed towards "revindication," and there seems to have been a hope on her part that Italy would let the alliance lapse, seeing that it had been productive of nothing but increased taxation, and that a strong minority against the alliance was visibly on the increase; that the commercial relations between France and Italy were steadily growing. The sympathies of the Italians for

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the Prussian alliance, enhanced by Bismarck's earlier ecclesiastical policy, had been cooled considerably by the fact that he had induced the Pope to cast all his influence, nay, to lay his commands, on the deputies of the Centre in the Reichstag, to abstain from all opposition to the septennial military bill, and it was feared that a high price at Italy's expense would be the equivalent. But the alliance was renewed for five years—on what precise terms none but the initiated could say—the public was assured that its only aim was peace; that in case war should break out between Austria and Russia, Italy would preserve strict neutrality, not, however, in the case of a European conflagration; but that even then her position on the Mediterranean was insured, the integrity of territory guaranteed, her participation in any territorial changes in the East pledged.

The country at that time thought of nothing but of how to avenge the "glorious disaster" of Dogali. Five millions for reinforcements had been voted instantly, other twenty millions were accorded, but the Cabinet of Depretis was shaken to its foundations; his overwhelming majority reduced gradually to seventy, to thirty-four, to fifteen; Robilant, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ricotti, Minister of War, were made scapegoats; Crispi assumed the portfolio of the Minister of the Interior, Depretis taking the Foreign Office, Bertolè-Viale the War Office. At the end of July, Depretis died, and Crispi became his natural heir. He could make no fundamental change in the situation—simply seek to make the best of it, although from the first he had disapproved of the African policy, and blamed Mancini and Depretis for declining England's second overtures for a joint policy in Egypt. He could not withdraw Italian troops from Massowah, nor could he, had he wished so to do, break up the Triple Alliance. Once assured that under no condition whatsoever would Germany assist the Pope to recover his temporal power, he flung himself heart and soul into strengthening the Triple Alliance, and in so doing embittered the relations with France, who seized on the fact that Italy was pledged to fight with Germany for the preservation of Alsace and Lorraine. From that moment to the present all her efforts have been and are directed to fetter, embarrass, and cripple Italy. The refusal to renew the commercial treaty was her first direct act of hostility, her latent threat being, "If Europe comes to blows, Italy's weak point is the temporal power, and we shall avail ourselves of it without stint or scruple."

For this state of things all are to blame, and none in particular; but the naked fact remains that Italy, a young and poor nation, is compelled to use and exhaust all her resources to keep up a standing army and navy, to the detriment of all other departments of national prosperity. From the abolition of the grinding tax, a portion of the salt tax, the renunciation of two-tenths of the land tax—measures absolutely necessary for internal peace and material progress—an equal necessity for rigid economy resulted; by the Government's cession of the railways to private companies (a measure opposed by competent technical authorities as disastrous) for a sum down, Italy's future is mortgaged; the sale of ecclesiastical property of State lands has come to an end, yet the army and navy must be kept up and increased. At the present moment Italy's deficit stands at least at forty millions of dollars. Mr. Gladstone, a competent authority, an optimist with regard to Italy, in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* of last May, puts his finger on the black point of Italy's horizon:

"The national debt of Italy [not having the original at hand, I retranslate from the Italian], which, on the 31st of December, 1861, stood at 120 millions sterling, has reached the enormous figure of 520 millions, with an annual charge of 23 millions, exceeding considerably that sustained by the debt of the United Kingdom, and forming almost two-fifths of the entire expenditure of the country. This expenditure for the present year was placed at 63 millions, but amounts, owing to the extra 5 millions voted for the army and the navy, to 68 millions—an expenditure far exceeding that of England in times of peace since 1868, exceeding considerably the charges of the Federal budget of the United States, which have a population more than double that of Italy, and the greatest amount of wealth existing in the world."

This magnitude of public debt, the increasing misery, the increasing deficit, the enormous taxation, appear to the eyes of this master of finance a terrible malady which must be cured at any cost. How can it be cured? Further taxation is impossible—the land can bear no more; the land tax, unequally distributed (as the territorial census, ever promised, is not yet forthcoming), amounts in certain portions of Italy to 87 and 90 per cent. of the estimated value. Hence small proprietors have been taxed out of existence; the larger ones, mortgaged up to their eyes, cannot spend sufficiently in manure or modern agricultural implements, still less in labor. After starving upon the impossible pittance of from fourpence to eightpence a day, rainy days and holidays excepted, the surplus agricultural population has emigrated, chiefly to Brazil and Buenos Ayres, whence come sad accounts and appeals for money to return. Every article of consumption is overtaxed at the gates of every city, so that if free trade exists, in name at least, for the produce of other nations, Italy's own produce in cattle, wine, poultry, fruit, etc., is taxed often at the rate of 20 per cent. Take, for example, wine: in the vineyards round Florence this year you could buy a hundred litres for five dollars; once within the gates, they cost seven.

As a proof that no other tax can be borne, that none of the old taxes "on a broad basis" can be renewed, you have the fact that when, during the present year, it was demonstrated to the House that fresh special, extraordinary credits must be accorded for the army and navy, Crispi, with all his energy and influence, could only extract an unwilling vote for the extra millions saddled with "a prohibition against levying any extra tax." In this lies the gist of the question. The Triple Alliance compels Italy, who, in 1879, had a standing army of some 700,000 men *on the rolls*, with a militia of other 900,000, to keep under arms permanently or temporarily nearly a million of men, her mobile and territorial militia, ready for call. Without going into tedious statistical details, it is easy to understand the cost of the equipment and maintenance of the permanent army of useless hands, of the equipment, travelling expenses, armament of the various categories called out for military exercises for from twenty days to one month or more every year. Add to this the expenses of war material, fortifications, etc., etc., and it is apparent that the country is and must remain crippled as long as such a state of things exists. I do not here allude to the navy, of which I have spoken in a former article, and which is on all hands admitted to be an absolute necessity for Italy as a defence.

As Crispi did not create the situation, he is not responsible for it, and it would be difficult to point to any person who could act differently or better than he does. If Italy's good star is still in the ascendant, and war be averted for the next three years, there can be little doubt that the wisdom gained by bitter experience will make her eager to release her hands; but the present outlook gives little hope of this. Should war break out under present circumstances, its unpopularity can hardly be estimated—I doubt whether the pledge of Trieste and Trent as a price for her services would reconcile the masses to the fact. Of course such a pledge will not be given; Austria, Germany herself, will never willingly yield Trieste, that only great seaport on the Adriatic. If, as seems certain, the Mediterranean in case of war should be manned with the Anglo-Italian fleet, a reverse is difficult to be imagined; yet the whole prospect is summed up in this: there is all to lose and nothing to gain by the participation of Italy in a European war; and, as France even to-day reminds her, her one vulnerable point is the question of the temporal power. That question touched, all Italy is one in heart, and, as the saying goes, "the very stones would rise in protest."

The last tidings are that the Czar is starting on his visit to the royal allies. If so, this will probably be the last war scare of 1889.

J. W. M.

THE FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

II.—THE ACADEMICAL PAINTERS AND THE PORTRAITS.

PARIS, July 31, 1889.

THE first time I walked through the thirty large galleries in which the fourteen hundred pictures composing the exhibition of the French in oil painting are placed, I was struck by two things—the remarkable diversity of the subjects and the great size of most of the canvases. In subsequent visits, and on closer examination of the pictures, I find in the confirmation of my first impressions proof that the painters of to-day are active, and let nothing go unobserved, finding subjects for their pictures in the daily life about them at home and abroad, in the streets and in the fields, while mythology, history, and religion, the nude, landscape, and portraiture are as assiduously followed as ever; and as regards the effect of large canvases on the painting, I am forced to the conclusion that the increasing tendency, traceable to the exigencies of the annual Salon, where a small canvas is almost lost, to paint everything (no matter what the subject) *en grand*, is gradually eliminating the all-important element of color.

This lack of color quality, it is worth noting, is not so much felt in the portraits, which are, taking it all in all, the best part of this exhibition; and this is probably the case because one cannot make giants and giantesses of one's sitters, and the painter is obliged to make his portrait of reasonable dimensions. It is most noticeable in the landscapes, in which, in the attempt to realize effects of light and air on a colossal scale, the artist finds it well-nigh impossible to make his picture "hold together," keep it up to the high key in which he usually starts in to paint it, and get handsome effects of color at the same time. It may be accomplished on an easel canvas, as is well shown in the best works of Corot and Daubigny and Rousseau; but when a simple motive is spread over a canvas ten or twelve feet long, as we find in so many of the pictures at the Champ de Mars, little else is obtained than a general truthfulness of effect, luminosity, and good drawing and modelling. In color these big pictures incline so much to gray tones that they are at times not very far removed from simple black-and-white.

In figure-painting (by which term I mean to include all those vast pictures of war and mur-

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der, of the martyrdom and apotheosis of saints,' of the loves and quarrels of the gods, that crowd the Salon every year, and the best of which are to be seen in this exhibition of the work of a decade), it is scarcely to be expected that we should find any pictures which would impress principally by beauty of color, as the works of the Italian painters of the Renaissance do. It is sufficient to say of these, that the level of the art is high, very high for this day; and whether we are interested in this sort of painting or not, we must admit that it is the backbone of the school. It must be painted and it must be exhibited, and the painters must be respected and honored by their fellows. Were the academic training which precedes it to cease, the bottom would fall out of the whole system that has produced the present admirable French school. It must not be forgotten that Millet and Bastien-Lepage were thoroughly trained in the Academy, and when they threw aside its traditions and fled to the fields for inspiration from nature, they carried with them a sound foundation without which they could never have made a picture worthy of serious consideration. If they had remained Academicians, the world would never have seen "Les Glaneuses" or "Les Foins," but they might have done some of these thoroughly well painted compositions which, as I have said, command respect at the Salons and at the Champ de Mars. It was a lucky thing for art that their temperaments led them into other roads, and there need be no fear that there will not be plenty more to do as they have done, though we cannot hope that many will reach their level.

These painters of the classical, of the historical, and the like take up a good deal of space in the galleries. Here is Cormon, for instance, whose picture, "The Stone Age," is a vast, round-topped canvas, the doorway of a cave, before which sits a patriarch with his daughters and grandchildren, while his sons, returned from the chase with a bear they have killed and thrown on the ground in front of the old man, form a group of figures of heroic size in the picture. These strong young men, brawny and brown, with unkempt hair and beards, have a savage and yet a noble air. The women, hardy and healthy, are fit companions for them, and the children, lithe of limb and with eager looks at the band of hunters and the prey, seem to have both the gentleness of childhood and a touch of savagery inherent in their surroundings. All this is well done. The figures are well drawn and stand up strong and vigorous. They are broadly handled, and there is no weakness of modelling, no prettiness of expression; all is dignified, sober, and *savant*.

There is the point: it is a *scientific* reconstruction, a representation of the life of other days. It is a thoroughly good performance, such as few other men living could equal, but wherein is the interest as a work of art? It is not to be found in any beauty of color—it is simply a big brown picture. It is not in its truth to nature, for it is a reconstruction. The original *may* have been like that, it is true, but we have not seen it, and that keen pleasure which comes from recognizing things painted, and bringing back the impression we have felt in seeing them, cannot be felt before this picture. It is not even a piece of painting of models in *plein-air*, which, if it were well done, would be interesting in itself. What then? It is a good museum picture, and nothing more. It will instruct by its good side in painting one class of people who have everything to learn, and should learn all sides of the art, and it will instruct, or at least interest, another who will look at it as they read a learned book. M. Cormon, in this phase of his talent, appears as a figure of considerable importance in contemporary art. If you wish to see more of it, you will find it in the Luxembourg, where his "Cain" and his "Victors of Salamis," enormous compositions like "The Stone Age," are hung. If you look at his portraits (there are four of them in the present exhibition), you will find that he is an able painter of character and a skilful technicist.

Look now at Albert Maignan's "The Voice of the Tocsin," another great canvas, a sort of fantasy this—innumerable figures, thoughtful composition, excellent technical qualities throughout; we have here a picture by a man of incontestable ability, but we are no more interested than by Cormon. The "Saint Isidore, Laborer," by Olivier Merson, a most artistic work of its kind; "The Youth of Bacchus," by Bouguereau; "Saint Agnes, Martyr," by Gabriel Ferrier; "Sacred Music and Secular Music," by Édouard Dubufe; "The Agitator of Languedoc," by Jean Paul Laurens, may be mentioned here as belonging in a general way to that sort of painting of which I have been speaking. It is not among these, however, that we shall find the work that shows the French school at its best nor in its most interesting phases. We shall find one of these phases in the portraits. There are so many fine ones that they cannot be noted in detail, but a few will serve as examples on which to make a few general remarks.

Bonnat, who, judging by the votes given him each year by his fellow-painters at the elections of the Salon juries, and the estimation in which he is held, may be fairly said to stand at the head of the French school, is represented by nine. The portrait of Cardinal Lavigerie, an imposing work, with the figure clad in red-and-black robes, seated full-face and square in the middle of the canvas; the bust portrait of Alexander Dumas, a remarkable piece of drawing and construction, but without color qualities, as most of Bonnat's work is; another bust portrait in profile of the painter Gigoux, very luminous and very real; and a full-length figure of a lady in a blue velvet dress, are the best of these. Delaunay, than whom there is no more conscientious and serious painter in the French school, shows ten. One of these is a half-length of a lady painted in the open air, "Portrait of Mme. Toulmouche." The head is not of the most distinguished type, rather that of a vivacious young matron of the middle class—an intelligent, "bright," and attractive face. The dress is of soft material, of a yellowish light gray, and there is a bunch of red roses in the corsage. The background is a flatly treated bit of landscape, consisting of a lawn, some slender trees, a garden wall, and a church tower, and a sky with a little blue showing through gray clouds. It is a delightful piece of sober color, color of the greatest distinction from its quiet reserve. A small head of a lady, Mme. D., a marvellous little piece of drawing; a bust portrait of a lady in black, Mme. Barboue; and a portrait of Gen. Mellinet, a scarred veteran in uniform, show Delaunay's best qualities as a portrait-painter. They are in no way "striking," and do not impress at first glance, but they are admirable in their simplicity.

Doucet, a young painter, whose success dates from 1880, when he won the Prix de Rome, but who has cast aside academical compositions for modernity, exhibits an artistically treated portrait of Mme. Galli-Marié in the costume of *Carmen*, in which there is exact drawing along with the greatest dash and freedom in the painting of the dress; and an excellent picture-portrait of a lady in a gown of blue-and-gray Japanese stuff seated in a room. Raphael Collin, with six portraits, is at his best in a small canvas showing a young girl in a modest, every-day dress of black, and the "Portrait of Mlle. ——," a young lady in a light robe, painted in full length out of doors. Carolus-Duran, whose fame as a portrait-painter is world-wide, has eight portraits in the exhibition. The earliest one is the best, for none of the others is so successful in ensemble nor so agreeable in aspect as this figure of a lady of middle age, with her white satin robe and long fur mantel—"Portrait of the Countess ——," painted in 1879. His portrait of Miss Lee-Robbins, his pupil, is pretty well known in New York through reproductions. It is a picture without the brilliancy of color that distinguishes most of his work, and lacking, too, in style. The two young girls on one canvas, "Portraits of Mlles. ——," are notable for color, quality, and brilliant handling.

There are two small portraits by Dagnan-Bouveret that are remarkable for their wonderful drawing, and two others by Paul Dubois, the great sculptor, both diminutive canvases. One head of a blonde little girl is admirable in every respect. A collection of seven portraits signed by Émile Friant is of great interest. Most of these, too, are small canvases. Though not so fine as the work by Dagnan and Dubois, they are quite worthy to be mentioned with them. Near these in the group of pictures by Gervex is this artist's excellent portrait of Alfred Stevens, the painter, the figure in half light, the forehead shaded by the rim of the hat, and the shoulders covered by a loose great-coat of black. Another portrait of an artist to be noted is that of Clairin by Paul Mathey, and it may be said here that some of the best portraits in Paris exhibitions are those of artists. They are often the subjects of "exhibition portraits," where the painter tries to do his very best for the sake of the work, no considerations of time or money entering into the question. When I have mentioned further the names of Roll, Humbert, Wencker, Henner, Debat-Ponsan, Machard, Rachou, Duez, Courtois, and Besnard as the authors of remarkable portraits, the ground is about covered.

Outside of this there is not much to note, especially for our purpose, which is to insist on the one quality which above all others distinguishes the best work of this sort by the French painters. This quality is character. It is impossible to look at these portraits and not see that in every case the artist, while he may have chosen to paint his sitter under what seemed to him the most favorable conditions, has never descended to flattery, or what English art-writers express by a term of their own—"idealization." The truth is paramount to every other consideration. In looking at them one feels, indeed, that the basis of all good art is truth to nature, and that from the old masters down there has been nothing painted worth preserving that is not founded on truth. The masters have had different ways of expressing it, and where some have insisted on detail, others have summarized and selected; but the foundation is always the same. It is, moreover, plain to see that the portrait, as it is considered and as it is treated by the best artists of all the famous schools, is one of the highest forms of art, and by simply painting a man in his every-day clothes a chef d'œuvre may be produced. We have, of course, long known this, for we have seen the great works of Rembrandt and Velasquez and Titian; but it is not as well understood at home as it ought to be. The conditions under which American art is pushing its way are altogether favorable to portrait-painting. We

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have some excellent painters already, and we shall have more as soon as the portrait is generally recognized, as it is here, as a work of art *per se*. Then, too, we shall see fewer bad portraits brought to New York from Paris, for there are many tares among the wheat, though they have, with few exceptions, been excluded from the Champ de Mars, and far too many of them have found their way to us in America. The increasing excellence of the home work, it is to be hoped, will soon cause this sort of importations to cease, and the more good things that come to us the better. It is gratifying to find at this international exhibition that the good influence of the French in portraiture has made itself strongly felt in every country on the Continent, and it will be to our advantage at home if the same influence can be exerted. We have a good beginning, and it only requires recognition and encouragement for full development. WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

Correspondence.

IRRIGATION AND SILVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Happening a few days since to be in the pathway of one of the Senatorial junketing expeditions, I was favored with a chance to see how nicely business and pleasure are combined by great men.

In South Dakota lies a large part of the James River Valley, a very fertile tract, containing a large area especially adapted to the growth of hard spring wheat. Scarcity of streams and timber indicates comparatively light rainfall, and, since its settlement, more suffering has come of want of moisture than from all other causes. The true valley soil is peculiar in that a very small quantity of moisture (a quantity which would leave common soils almost fruitless) will mature an abundant yield of the early cereals.

The suffering from drought has never been general through the valley until this year, during which not enough moisture has fallen at any one time (the entire snowfall included) to wet down the depth of the ploughing. An area of perhaps 75x200 miles is underlaid by a water-bearing stratum, which, when tapped, delivers water at the surface at pressure as high as 180 pounds per square inch in some instances. The conditions prevailing this year have led to the advocacy of artesian wells as a source of supply for irrigation.

The Committee of the Senate who are going about inquiring into the feasibility of irrigating the arid tracts of the West, were invited to visit points in this valley; and Senators Stewart of Nevada and Reagan of Texas, with Maj. Powell and others, passed through. They reached a smart town of 5,000 or more people about noon of Sunday, August 4, and, having been duly heralded by wire, were met by the city officers, the fire department, and citizens, who escorted them first to an exhibition by the fire department, showing the capabilities of the artesian wells in throwing streams; thence to the pumping-station, where the sewage is raised by power from another well; thence to the public hall, where the Senators were one after another introduced to the audience.

It was Senator Stewart's turn first, and he began by telling of two sorts of irrigation—the agricultural sort and a kind of financial irrigation which the great man asserted existed in the East. The audience remained mystified as to this last sort while the Senator gave a not very lucid history of common irrigation, to which I had the honor of listening for a half-hour or more. Then the Senator warmed up to a degree better worthy of the occasion, and proceeded to expound the financial irrigation from which the country is suffering. As soon as I got the drift of his argument, I had such a powerful desire to go to dinner that I found myself unable to stay longer; but from what I heard, read in the newspapers, and gathered from diligent inquiry of friends who stayed, the argument ran about thus:

The sayings of Western people, when they represented the full wisdom of their authors, were wiser than the sayings of Eastern people, because they have brought West with them the wisdom of the East and added thereto the wisdom of the West. Financial teachings originating in the East are not therefore to be relied upon, and are of necessity subject to suspicion. The West furnishes not only the best financial theories, but also the material (silver) to back them up.

Silver is a much better thing financially than people have heretofore realized. If properly handled, it is capable of unsuspected blessings. The Government should not take the trouble to coin any more, or as much as now, but should secure all it can get in the form of bullion, and cast it in great "pigs," too large to be carried off by thieves, and then cord it up in full view, shutting it out from the public by a picket fence only. This pile could be made the specie basis of more silver certificates than we ever saw before, and need only be depleted in paying off the bonds. Silver as pay for bondholders is the article that is exactly good enough without being too good for them. England is now sending all the silver she can get hold of to India to buy wheat. A movement like that outlined above would compel England, for lack of silver, to buy wheat here, instead of in India.

This last crowning argument was the one that "brought down the house"; and when the great man exhorted the audience to see to it that the Representatives to Congress from the new States were men of broad views on the silver question, he received great applause.

C.

MINNEAPOLIS, August 10, 1889.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret to trespass further on your space, but must ask room for a brief reply to Mr. Schuyler's misrepresentation of my letter of July 18. "A minister of the Gospel of Peace calmly defends lynch law as applied to his colored 'brethren in Christ Jesus,'" says Mr. Schuyler, but I beg his pardon; that is not my standard of Christianity. There are many colored men that I rejoice to call "brethren in Christ Jesus," but none of them are guilty of the crime of rape! Nor did I unconditionally defend lynch law in any case. I stated the conditions, and asked what could be done. The remedy I abhor; but I abhor the disease more. If any one that really understands the conditions can suggest a better remedy, no one would welcome it more readily than I. Of course the "elevation of this barbarism" by Christian education is the true method, but it works a little slowly, and meanwhile must innocence and virtue be allowed to fall a prey to passion and vice? Some of us are doing all we can in that direction, and would be glad of any assistance that Mr. Schuyler or his friends can render us.

But what I do maintain, absolutely and unconditionally, is that self-defence is an inherent right of man—before all human government and above all human law. No one questions this in the case of the individual. Is it any less the right of communities? Take an illustration that is not prejudiced by coming from a Southern latitude. To fill one's premises with armed men ready to shoot down in broad daylight any one who enters without permission is not, under ordinary circumstances, a very civilized proceeding; but in the presence of an armed strike, did Northern men hesitate to preserve their *property* in that way? Is not the existence of that organization known as "Pinkerton's men," and its approval by good men (*vide* columns of the *Nation*), a recognition of the fact that when law and government are powerless to protect, corporations and communities are justified in falling back on the inherent right of self-defence? Do they stop to consider whether the barbarism that requires force to meet force has been "imported," that they may "utilize its brute force in the service of their own laziness"—or avarice? Or do they wait to call in Pinkerton until they have tried to elevate the strikers by Christian influences?

I will not discuss with Mr. Schuyler whether the South alone is responsible for "importing this barbarism." There is sin enough all around without throwing stones. But I cannot close without saying that while he may sneer at our "precious civilization," it *is* precious to us, especially that part of it that consists in the purity of our wives and daughters—so precious that we will continue to defend it even at the cost of incurring the disapproval of some Northern philanthropists.

I regret that I cannot reply to Mr. Schuyler over my own name. He has full permission to obtain it from the editor of the *Nation*. But on account of certain local allusions in my previous letter I must sign myself as before.

A SOUTHERN PASTOR.

KENTUCKY POLITICS AND ILLITERACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Regarding the recent election in Kentucky, your exposure of the ignorance of the Philadelphia *Press* upon matters statistical was a misconception. The Republican vote of Kentucky is made up very largely, if not almost entirely, of negroes and mountaineers. As a Union soldier I was fond of the old chestnut about the mountains being cradles of liberty, because our volunteers in Kentucky were mostly recruited from those cradles. It is a current belief that the mountains of Kentucky are cradles of illiteracy and lawlessness, and that deadly feuds are rife in these Republican strongholds. The negroes now have schools throughout the Democratic portions of the State; but if education improves their morals and their gullibility as little as it does those of their white political brethren, we must not wonder at Democratic majorities in Kentucky. You see the *Press* was right. The Democratic majorities in Kentucky are due to illiteracy—the illiteracy of their Republican opponents.

MUGWUMP.

FOREIGN NOTIONS OF AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for July 18th, "X. Y. Z." complains of "the reputed ignorance and ambition" of the Americans among the English—that all we know is how to make money. In Germany and Austria I have found the same opinion widespread—it might even be said, almost universal. Instead of merely complaining of the fact, it seems to me better to try to

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seek the reason therefor. Two causes appear to be at the bottom of the matter: (1) that the American writings most generally read by the Germans are those of Cooper and Bret Harte, which naturally convey no idea of the life of the Americans who do know something higher than how to make money; (2) that vast numbers of travelling Americans seek to make a display of their money, and certainly do display a profound ignorance of many matters a knowledge of which is here taken as a matter of course by every educated person.

For example, one day I sat before Raphael's Sistine Madonna. The little room where it hangs was full of people hushed to an adoring admiration before this possibly the most widely known of all paintings. Three women enter, and, to my horror, one asks in a loud deep voice, "What is that?" The answer escaped me. After at most three minutes, the same voice remarks: "Very pretty. Come away; you're standing before the people"; and out they went, doubtless satisfied that they had "done" the greatest thing in Dresden. That is only one of many experiences in Europe which have made me blush for my mother country.

An instance of an entirely different sort may serve to show how easily false opinions may be formed. A graduate of one of the better American universities recently insisted that all Germans are stupid—and he thoroughly believed it. Yet he was a man who had spent much time in luxuriously seeing Europe, but was too lazy to learn the languages, and had seen nothing of German society, except one or two dinner parties, where he was limited in conversation to those who could speak English. The really cultivated Americans who travel try to employ their time usefully, and attract no attention to their nationality.

The *Nation* has done its utmost within the past year to demonstrate the tremendous rôle that wealth plays even in securing the highest offices in the country. The fact of our tremendous surplus was published all over Europe. Though it is as mistaken for the European to believe that making money is all the American cares for as for the latter to believe that *all* Germans are stupid, the former has certainly much better ground for his opinion than the latter.—Respectfully yours, A. B. C.

VIENNA, August 5, 1889.

Notes.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. have in press several elaborately illustrated works, viz.: Samuel Lover's 'The Low-Back'd Car,' with designs by William Magrath, in photogravure from copper plates; Tennyson's 'The Miller's Daughter,' with designs by E. H. Garrett, H. Fenn, and others; Dr. John Brown's 'Rab and his Friends,' with designs by Mr. Garrett and Hermann Simon; and 'Legend Laymone,' a poem by M. B. M. Toland, with designs by Hamilton Gibson, Church, Mowbray, and others. The same firm announce also 'Cycling Art, Energy, and Locomotion,' by Robert P. Scott, with illustrations; Pierre Paris's 'Manual of Ancient Sculpture,' edited and augmented by Jane E. Harrison, with 200 illustrations; 'Extracts from the Journal of Elizabeth Drinker,' edited by Henry D. Biddle; 'Half-Hours with Humorous Authors,' selected by Charles Morris; 'Justice and Jurisprudence,' an anonymous inquiry concerning the Constitutional limitations of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments; 'A Treatise on the Nature, Causes, Treatment, and Prevention of Crime,' by S. M. Green; 'Involuntary Idleness,' by Hugo Bilgram; 'Two Thousand Years After,' by John Darby; and the following novels: 'Gold that Did Not Glitter,' by Virginius Dabney; 'A Nameless Wrestler,' by Josephine W. Bates; and 'Rudderless,' by Julia D. Young.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish directly 'Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries,' under the Third Empire, by Mme. Carette; and later, in the "International Education Series," 'European Schools in 1888,' by Dr. L. R. Klemm, Principal of the Technical School in Cincinnati.

D. C. Heath & Co. publish at once 'The State; or, Elements of Historical and Practical Politics,' by Woodrow Wilson, author of 'Congressional Government.' It is designed to serve as a text-book for advanced classes in high-schools and colleges, and will be followed next year by 'The American State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics in the United States,' a text-book for grammar and high-schools, by the same author.

'Literary Landmarks,' by Mary E. Burt, announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has for its explanatory title: "A Guide to Good Reading for Young People, and Teachers' Assistant."

The *Library Record* of Worcester, Mass., has just concluded its first volume, and professes itself assured of its future permanence. This is a Yankee notion worth imitating. Its primary object was to print a list of new books added to the Public Library. "This," says the editor, "renders it a most excellent medium for a certain class of advertising, for the reason that it goes directly into families and is preserved and cared for, that selections may be readily made from the books in making up cards from week to week without the necessity of going to the library for that purpose; so that no advertisement is likely to be lost sight of after once reading." We ought to add that judicious selections fill the space not occupied by the list or by the advertisements, and that fifty cents a year is the subscription price.

An important announcement from Rome is made known in the *Academy* of July 27. This is no less a piece of news than the approaching publication, in photographic facsimile, of the Vatican MS., Codex B. The work is being done under the auspices of Leo XIII. and the editorship of the Abbé Cozza-Luzi. One hundred copies of the New Testament are being issued, and may be had from the Fototipia Danesi, Rome, at the price of 200 lire. The first fifty subscribers will receive also four volumes of the Old Testament at the same rate. The New Testament volume will be of about 300 pages.

We must refrain from any but the barest mention of the great enterprise undertaken by the Clarendon Press of Oxford (New York: Macmillan), under the editorship of Bishop Wordsworth, namely, a text of Jerome's 'Novum Testamentum Nostri Iesu Christi,' based upon the most scrupulous comparison of twenty-nine well-chosen codices, and the occasional employment of as many editions. Use has also been made of Bentley's unpublished comparison of the New Testament in Greek and Latin, and a long list of his readings is given in the first part (the Gospel according to Matthew) of the present collation. For the Evangelists the Brixian codex is printed in full directly beneath the Vulgate. Eleven years have been spent by Bishop Wordsworth and his assistant, Henry I. White, Fellow of St. Andrew's, on this enormous labor. The Prolegomena are deferred to the close of the work, but the introductory matter is copious, and includes Jerome's epistle to Pope Damasus and the Prologue from his Commentary. The belief is expressed that this comparative exhibition of texts may be as useful to philologists interested in the history of the Latin language as to theologians. The typography is admirable, as of course.

C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, has made up a small but not meagre book, with the title 'Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel,' meaning by this his letter to the Duke of Meiningen, an English translation into English, and a shorter letter of a similar character to K. C. F. Krause, with other selections bearing on Froebel's career. A chronological abstract of the chief events in his life and in that of his Community, and a bibliography, complete the work.

The fourth and concluding number of the eleventh volume of the *American Journal of Mathematics*, accompanied by the title-page to the volume and an index of the titles of the papers contained in it, arranged according to the names of the authors, is before us. Throughout the volume the *Journal* adheres rigidly to its original plan of admitting only such contributions as are, either in their form or their substance, the result of original investigation. The present volume contains nineteen papers, twelve of which are in English, four in French, and three in German. As to the matters of which they treat, these papers may be classified, perhaps somewhat vaguely, as follows: three treat of subjects in the domain of mathematical physics, three of curves; six deal with the differential and integral caculus, more especially with differential equations; seven belong to those regions of the higher algebra which are closed to all except professional mathematicians, and, we suspect, to a large portion even of these. Most of these papers are so far in advance of our highest class text-books that their contents must for a long time remain inaccessible except as presented in the *Journal*, and hence the latter is indispensable to those who desire to occupy a place in the front rank of the ever-increasing army of mathematicians.

The second number of the *National Geographic Magazine* has made its appearance, consisting of the annual address of the President of the National Geographic Society, on the Past and Future of Africa, and four vice-presidential reports, called, rather fantastically, Geography of the Land, of the Sea, of the Air, of Life, respectively. Gen. Greely's paper is the most profitable of these. He tells of the discontinuance of the system of international simultaneous meteorological reports begun in 1873, and mentions a few of the results of the mass of observations. From the final editing of them he anticipates an approach to the ultimate formulating of the law of atmospheric changes, so that "from abnormal barometric departures in remote regions may be predicted the general character of seasons in countries favorably located."

The Moses King Corporation, Boston, send us a folding "annotated" pocket-map of Massachusetts, than which nothing could be more convenient to carry about the person, or cheaper in price. The back of the map is used for a great variety of historical and statistical matter.

Garden and Forest calls for the indexing of the reports of State horticultural societies, which are mostly printed as public documents and distributed gratis. It suggests that the Department of Agriculture undertake the work.

Mr. S. S. Rider, in his Providence *Book-Notes* for August 17, reviews the recent revela-

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tions about Roger Williams in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. He concludes that the real trail has at last been struck, and points to some corroborative circumstances, as, that Williams's being a clergyman at High Laver in the County of Essex brought him under the jurisdiction of Laud, Bishop of London, who pursued him out of the land, as Williams wrote to Mrs. Sadlier; further, that his riding "Windsor way to take ship at Bristol," which enabled him to call on Sir Edward Coke at Stoke House, shows that he left England from London and not from Wales, since Stoke House is on the direct road from London to Windsor.

The London *Athenæum* reports that "all the capital has been subscribed for the new weekly which Mr. Wemyss Reid intends to edit when he has finished his biography of Lord Houghton. The journal will in some degree be on the model of the New York *Nation*. Prof. Bryce and Mr. Morley have been giving advice as to the literary part of the paper." We believe it is intended to replace the *Spectator* with the Liberals.

—Macmillan & Co. have commenced the publication of a series of text-books in Greek under the general title "Macmillan's Greek Course," and in size "Globe 8vo." The course commences with a 'First Greek Grammar,' by W. Gunion Rutherford, the Headmaster of Westminster. It is a small book containing only 185 pages in large clear type. There are so many peculiarities about the book that we should be utterly unable within any reasonable limits to give an account of them, and it would be useless to mention one or two. We may say, however, that the author seems to have taken almost as much pains to exclude from his book what will be of no use to the beginner as to include what is indispensable. The success of the little grammar has been very remarkable in England. The second volume of the course, 'Easy Exercises in Greek Accidence,' is by H. G. Underhill, Assistant Master of St. Paul's Preparatory School. It is a companion volume to the grammar, but even smaller, containing only 126 pages. We can give it an almost unqualified approval. Although its chief object is to give practice in the forms of words, yet it really introduces the pupil to many of the fundamental principles of Greek syntax. We have noticed the retention of a few of the absurdities of the old grammars. The third volume, containing 217 pages, fifty of which are occupied by the vocabulary, is entitled 'Stories and Legends: A First Greek Reader,' by F. H. Colson, Senior Classical Master of Bradford Grammar School. We believe the practice is quite extensive in England, and we know it is almost universal in the United States, to commence the reading of Greek texts with the 'Anabasis' of Xenophon. Formerly the universal practice was to begin with a 'Greek Reader,' a book made up of short pieces taken from various writers. The work of Mr. Colson may be regarded as a "reversion" to the old plan. In his preface the author discusses the merits of the two methods at considerable length. The book is for the most part made up of very short and very simple pieces, which Mr. Colson "has freely simplified and adapted." So it may be regarded as hardly more than a book of exercises. All three volumes taken together do not form a course longer than is usually pursued in this country before beginning the 'Anabasis.'

—The Rev. J. B. Lock, formerly Master at Eton and now Senior Fellow, Assistant Tutor, and Lecturer in Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, is the author of several mathematical text-books which, judging from their wide circulation as indicated by editions rapidly succeeding each other, must be alike satisfactory to himself, his publishers (Macmillan & Co.), and the pupils and teachers of English schools. His latest production is a small treatise on 'Elementary Statics,' a companion volume to his 'Dynamics for Beginners,' published less than two years ago, and which has already reached a second edition. The preliminary knowledge of mathematics necessary for the study of the two works seems to be reduced to the minimum. Hardly more algebra and geometry than is required to enter the freshman class of the least exacting of our colleges, as much of conic sections as is comprised in the definition of a parabola, and a little trigonometry, hardly more than is implied in a knowledge of the meaning of the terms *sine*, *tangent*, etc., of a few of the simplest formulæ, and of the use of the ordinary logarithmic tables, constitute, so far as we have been able to discover, the whole mathematical equipment necessary for the complete comprehension of both works. Indeed, by far the greater part of both books can be mastered without knowing anything at all about trigonometry. The books offer a remarkable example of how much can be done with a few tools skilfully handled. One of the most interesting features of each book, and of especial value to the professional teacher, is the addition to the Statics of twelve and to the Dynamics of sixteen examination papers. The questions contained in these papers can all be answered by means of the knowledge conveyed in the books. At the same time they are not papers constructed by the author especially for examination of students who have studied his works, but are papers composed by various professors and used in actual examinations of students in several colleges and schools in England.

—The author does not state which book should be first studied. We presume he took it for granted that the traditional order, first 'Statics,' then 'Dynamics,' would be followed, although this was not the order of publication. We believe, however, that the student, who is at liberty to choose, will find it to his advantage to begin with the 'Dynamics,' which, at least in the elementary parts, is quite as simple and comprehensive as the 'Statics,' and, having mastered the 'Dynamics,' he will find, when he attacks the 'Statics,' he has hardly anything to learn. In fact, we suspect that it would not require a great deal of argument to convince the author that the separate treatment of Statics and Dynamics is only a concession to traditional usage. Such was the opinion of Clerk Maxwell, and such is the opinion of Professor Macgregor, practically exemplified in his treatise on Kinematics and Dynamics which we reviewed a few months ago. The author coins a few new words, some of which we dislike, especially in the method of coining. He has, however, caught the disease in a very mild form and we have no space for comment.

—The mere fact that the 'Beowulf' of Harrison and Sharp has reached a third edition (Boston: Ginn & Co.) renders commendation almost superfluous. It indicates that the book is now a standard. The editors have been at pains to bring text, glossary, and notes up to date, and have succeeded, so far as was possible within their narrow limits. Just now there appears to be a lull in Beowulf articles. A few years hence, after the authorship and primitive shaping of the poem shall have got further out of the realm of the debatable, and when this third edition shall have been exhausted, we hope that the editors will give us an entirely new book, the text printed more in conformity with modern typography, and the glossary recast. The distinction between long and short vowels in the arrangement of a glossary is a hindrance rather than a help. The editors should also conform their word-entries more to the Wessex standard. To follow the Beowulf MS. spelling in the glossary is to give the beginner a false conception of the language. We have noted some slight errors. Pages 105, 106 sub *Brosinga mene*, there should be a reference to v. 1199, and the vowel lengthened, Brōsinga. To the reference *Haupt* xii. 304 add *Haupt* xxx. 221. Müllenhoff does not say that the A.-S. form is for *Breosinga*, but for Brīsinga. In treating of compounds in *eald-* it will be well to consider the advisability of regarding *eald-* as a mere intensive. The reference, p. 324*b* (sub *orud*), to v. 2524 is unintelligible, except to one who has Wülker's edition, or who knows in other ways that certain scholars have proposed to change *redes* into *oredes*. This edition gives no clue.

—To the credit of our national scholarship, it is to American missionaries that students are indebted for the two works which are indispensable for acquiring the Panjâbî, an Indian language of growing importance. We allude to the 'Panjâbî Grammar' of the Rev. John Newton, published in 1851, and to the 'Panjâbî Dictionary' of the Rev. L. Janvier, published in 1854, both of which are now difficult to procure even in India, where they were printed. On the former of these publications is based, as to its first part, the 'Simplified Grammar and Reading Book of the Panjâbî Language' of the Rev. W. St. C. Tisdall, lately issued by Trübner & Co. of London. If not elsewhere, yet in India, every one wishing to acquaint himself with Panjâbî is likely to possess already a knowledge of Urdû, with which it is in many respects nearly allied; and the author has, therefore, been well advised in referring everywhere to the equivalents of Panjâbî in the speech so much more generally current. In the Reading Lessons are included not only specimens of Panjâbî taken from a translation of the New Testament, but extracts from compositions—certainly somewhat too archaic, if we may interpose a stroke of criticism—written by natives of the Panjab. Mr. Tisdall's helpful book, which amply fulfils the purpose for which it is intended, that of assisting beginners, leaves nothing to be desired in point of typography, and is as low-priced as could be expected.

—We pass, for a moment, to the prevailing religion of the people of whom the Panjâbî is the vernacular tongue. In a lecture, entitled "Sikhism," by Mr. Frederic Pincott, lately published in London by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., will be found a succinct but lucid account of the doctrines taught by Nârnak, and modified, or, more strictly speaking, metamorphosed, by one of his spiritual successors, Govind Sinh. The lecture also sketches the lives of the ten Sikh hierarchs—of whom the two just named were the first and the last—and epitomizes the history of the Sikhs down to our own time. Sikhism, while, as being of Hindu origin, it could not but be pantheistic, was, at the outset, entirely pure of the exclusiveness which marks every orthodox sect of Brahmanism. In its second stage, its most salient characteristic was its hostile attitude as against Mahometanism. At present, owing to the influence of the cults of Vishnu and Siva, it has degenerated quite to the level of the superstitions by which it is environed. An attempt has of late been made to restore it to its pristine simplicity; but the fate that seems in-

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evitably to await it is gradual extinction, and that, with some likelihood, not long to be deferred.

—The July number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* is mainly devoted to Asia. Gen. Komaroff, an enthusiastic archæologist, gives an account of the ruins in the Transcaspian region which he examined during his campaigns against the Turkomans and the building of the railway. With the exception of several of the *kurgans*, or mounds, chiefly used as burial-places, they were not of special interest. One of these latter, however, contained, at a depth of some twelve feet below other remains, articles made of bone, a stone axe, and the bones of a cave bear. Gen. Komaroff made a large and valuable collection of ancient coins and golden ornaments, numbers of which can be found at some of the ruins after every rain. Dr. Heyfelder describes the different races inhabiting Bokhara, which has been within a short time incorporated into the Russian Empire as an *oblast*, or province. He says that the children of the Tadyiks, the aborigines, are never taken from the cradle during the whole period of their nursing, the mothers having a curious contrivance by which they can feed and care for the child without lifting it. The consequence is that the skull is flattened and drawn awry by the action of the light falling always upon one side of the head. It is singular that the Jews are handicraftsmen as well as merchants, having almost a monopoly in dyeing, while the Indians or Hindostanee are the usurers. These latter are non-producers, and live a wandering life, never bringing their families with them, but always returning to India when satisfied with their gains. Some interesting details of the gold-washing on the tributaries of the Amur in Eastern Siberia are given by N. Latkin. The washing of the gold-bearing sand began in a rude way in 1866, and up to the year 1886 the total amount of gold obtained was 3,113 puds, or 112,379 pounds (which, with gold reckoned at $16 an ounce, would amount in value to $21,576,768). Some of the sand is extraordinarily rich, but the cost of working is very great, on account of the high price of provisions and the lack of proper means of transport.

—A new volume of Russian Peasant Songs written down in the village of Nikolaevk, Government of Ufa, by Mr. N. Paltchikoff, is distinguished by a new and notable feature, viz., the music, which is noted for from six to eight voices. Mr. Paltchikoff lived for nearly thirty years in Nikolaevk, and was well acquainted with his subject, but his book cost him much time and labor. He began in the usual way, writing the music for the voice of *one* singer, and afterwards furnishing an accompaniment. Having written fifty songs in this manner, he supposed that his work was completed. But, by way of verifying his melodies, he had them all sung to him by a chorus. It then appeared that his notes were utterly unlike the songs of the peasants, the latter being fuller, better, more varied. After many vain attempts to understand the cause of this apparent contradiction, he came to the conclusion that the only proper way was to write down each voice of the chorus separately, and procure the full harmony by combining all the voices. The difficulty of the task was increased by the fact that there chanced to exist in Nikolaevk a second chorus, which differed somewhat from the first, and by the singers not all being satisfactory through indulging in vagaries. He finally contrived to attain his object. For the 142 songs in the book, 125 airs are given. The text of more than thirty songs does not enter into the chief collections of songs (a long list of which is furnished by the author); and about eighty of the airs have hitherto been utterly unknown. The book also contains a bibliographical index of its songs with references to similar texts in previous collections.

MADAME DE STAËL.—II.

Madame de Staël: her Friends and her Influence in Politics and Literature. By Lady Blennerhasset. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1889.

It is impossible to exhaust the list of Mme. de Staël's friends. Not to speak of her circle at Paris, August Wilhelm Schlegel lived with her many years, nominally as the teacher of her children, and more particularly as her instructor in literature and criticism; Sismondi and Bonstetten were constant visitors, while Oehlenschläger and Mme. Brun stayed with her at Coppet for a long time. There was scarcely a distinguished man in Europe whom she did not in some way know and have correspondence with. Wherever she went she found old friends. Among these were several Americans — Jefferson, Gouverneur Morris, Crawford, who, on leaving his mission at Paris during the 100 days and going back to America to become Secretary of War, was her intermediary with Lord Castlereagh in her efforts made to ward off an English attack on France. There was also M. le Ray (de Chaumont), who had invested for her in American lands, which were probably situated in northern New York, where he had a large property. Morris spoke of the investment as not being so advantageous as it might be, owing to the lands being in detached portions.

Mme. de Staël's goodness of heart was exhaustless. During the Terror she saved many of her friends from certain death, and tried in vain to save others. During one season in England she kept open house for the *émigrés*, and afterwards at Coppet; besides assisting many of them with loans and gifts of money. Although Roederer accused her of being ready to sacrifice a friend rather than miss the chance of an epigram, she never ceased taking an interest in and even rendering services to those who had once been her friends, no matter how base had been their ingratitude towards her.

Even in her youth, Mme. de Staël, according to Fersen, was "the reverse of beautiful, but very clever and amiable." Count Guibert, one of her warmest friends among the older generation, wrote: "Her large black eyes sparkle with the fire of genius, and her ebon locks fall in rich profusion on her shoulders. Her features are more marked than gentle; there is something in them which promises more than the usual fate of her sex." Bollmann said: "She is tolerably well made, but her face is not beautiful. Her complexion is not good, and she has rather a protruding mouth. Her open-hearted, frank nature, and kind of honesty and truthfulness, make her very attractive." Henriette Knebel describes her first appearance at the palace at Weimar: "Very lively, good natured, and talkative, extraordinarily voluble, but clear and pleasant. She is a woman of the world, and mostly addresses herself only to the most distinguished members of society; but she is very polite and friendly to everybody. Her eyes are fine and have an intellectual expression; but her face is rather of the negro type. She is of middle height and somewhat stout, dark eyes and hair." Sir Neil Campbell, who saw her at Stockholm in 1813, says: "She speaks English almost as readily and correctly as a native, only with a slight foreign accent. She appears about fifty; of middle size, and looks strong and vigorous. Her features are large and massive, the upper row of teeth projecting; her eyes dark and eyebrows strongly marked. She wore a dark-green silk pelisse."

Rogers saw Mme. de Staël often during her stay in England in 1813, and he wrote to his sister from Lord Lansdowne's place, Bowood: "Mme. de Staël makes a bustle here, but, having arrived only yesterday, we have as yet had no shawl-dance and no recitations." This is explained by a letter from Byron in June, 1814: "The Staël out-talked Whitbread, overwhelmed his spouse, was *ironed* by Sheridan, confounded Sir Humphrey, and utterly perplexed your slave. The rest (great names in the Red book, nevertheless) were mere segments of the circle. Ma'mselle danced a Russ saraband with great vigor, grace, and expression, though not very pretty." In his memoranda Byron says: "I saw Curran presented to Mme. de Staël at Mackintosh's: it was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saône, and they were both so d—d ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences." And in another place: "Her figure was not bad; her legs tolerable; her arms good. Altogether, I can conceive her having been a desirable woman, allowing a little imagination for her soul and so forth. She would have made a great man." Again he writes:

"Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Staël—asked particularly, I believe, out of mischief; to see the first interview after the *note*, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it; she always talks of *myself* and *herself*, and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now) much enamoured of either subject—especially one's works. What the devil shall I say about *'De l'Allemagne'?* I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, etc., etc. The lover, Mr. Rocca, was there to-night, and C. said it was the only proof *he* had of her good taste. Monsieur l'Amant is remarkably handsome."

After visiting Mme. de Staël at Coppet, in 1816, he wrote: "She was a good woman at heart, and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person's you wished her gone and in her own again."

With the help of such notices of contemporaries, we can imagine this "large leonine woman," as Morris calls her, "with few beauties and no grace of gesture; in her favorite attitude before the fire, with her hands behind her back, animating, nevertheless, the salon by her masculine attitude and powerful conversation." We can see her dressed in that low-necked, short-waisted gown of blue and orange, with a turban of the same colors, as she is represented in most of her portraits, and, as the Priestess of Apollo, twiddling in her fingers a twig of laurel. In Vienna she was reduced to a branch of poplar with two or three leaves on the end, "the rustling of which (she told the Prince de Ligne) was the necessary accompaniment to her talking." In London, according to Bollmann, she was "rolling a bit of paper in her fingers, without which she cannot exist; she gets up with it in the morning and goes to bed with it." And—can one believe it?—in her anxiety to reconcile Bollmann, with whom she had had a quarrel, she continually sang soft Italian airs to him and played to him.

Although Mme. de Staël was a great talker, all admit that she was willing to listen to the

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replies of others. But, according to Sismondi, one of her most intimate friends,

"In all her judgments she too often showed hate and contempt. Power seems to give everybody the same twist of mind. Her reputation, which is always becoming greater, has made her contract some of the faults of Bonaparte; she is, like him, intolerant of all opposition, insulting in dispute, and much disposed to say sharp things to people without any angry feeling, but solely to show her superiority."

"She is sometimes in bad humor; she judges with extreme severity, and does nothing on her part to repair all this: so that I am often very much bored with her; although the way in which she talks of the ennui of others makes me angry with her. Besides, the vanity which used to be unpleasant to her is unpleasant to me also. She likes to repeat the flattering things which have been said about her, as if she had not had enough of all that; and, when there is talk about the reputation of some one else, she always takes care to recall her own in a very awkward way."

And again, "Mme. de Staël can never put herself in the place of others; and all her intelligence is not enough for her to understand anything outside of herself." This is curiously confirmed by a reminiscence of Henry Crabb Robinson, whom she had asked to assist her in understanding German literature and philosophy. She seemed utterly incapable of realizing the transcendent excellence of Goethe, and could not comprehend the finest of his epigrams. He therefore boldly said to her: "Madame, you have not understood Goethe, and you never will understand him." "Sir, I understand all that deserves to be understood. What I do not understand is worth nothing."

When Mme. de Staël first went to Weimar, Goethe was at Jena, and rather tried to avoid her, on the ground that he was not well and had a great deal to do. He, however, asked her to come to Jena. Schiller wrote to him:

"Mme. de Staël will appear to you just what you have *a priori* imagined her to be: she is charming throughout, and there is not a single strange or false or unhealthy trait in her. Thus, notwithstanding the immense difference in our natures and mode of thought, one can be quite at ease with her, and can let her say or say everything to her. She puts French culture in a pure and highly interesting light. In everything we call philosophy, therefore, in all that is highest and most important, one differs from her, and must continue to do so. . . . But her disposition and feeling are better than her metaphysics, and her fine understanding nearly resembles genius. She desires to explain, to look into, to measure everything; she will not tolerate anything dark or inaccessible; and what she cannot light up with her torch has no attraction for her. . . . Of what we call poetry she has no perception; she can only adopt what is ordinary, persuasive, passionate, in works of that description, but she will not prize anything that is false, and never fails to recognize what is good. . . . You see from these words that the clearness, decision, and clever liveliness of her nature cannot act otherwise than beneficially. Her only defect is her quite extraordinary volubility. One must be turned into a listening machine to be able to follow her."

And again: "She takes all the poetry out of me, and I only wonder how I can do anything at all." Goethe's criticism of her is too long to quote, but he evidently did not like her. What Schiller says of her lack of poetry is confirmed by Bonstetten, who, writing to Mme. Brun, says: "She is extremely good; no one has more intelligence; but the best that you have is a sealed book to her. She entirely lacks feeling for art; and beauty which is neither wit nor eloquence does not exist for her."

With a pen in hand, she was unable to express herself as well as she could with her elbow on the chimney-piece. With no visible auditors, her oratorical gifts failed her. Chênedollé, who was with her when she wrote her book 'On Literature,' and who used to discuss it with her, said that her improvisations were far more brilliant than the actual book. Out of the eighteen volumes of her published works, but three books still have a lingering existence. Of these, 'Delphine,' in spite of the impression it created in its day, is now rarely read, even by those who exhume 'La Nouvelle Héloïse' of Rousseau. 'De l'Allemagne' has grown obsolete of late years, and is only looked on now as a contemporary document written by a clever Frenchwoman, who had really made a serious attempt in the early years of the century to understand Germany and German literature. 'Corinne' is literally all that lives; and this, apart from the interest of the Italian subject, chiefly because it is what Mme. de Staël might have declaimed in her own salon. It is probably the nearest approach to her conversation. Sainte-Beuve, who ought to have known, says a curious thing with regard to her style—that, in the work on the Dictionary of the French Academy, when a word was under discussion and an example was taken from the chief writers, one from Mme. de Staël rarely passed without many objections, in consequence either of the vagueness of expression or the misuse of terms.

Chênedollé said of her: "Mme. de Staël has more intelligence than she knows how to manage." This is particularly true of her attempts at politics; and in politics, in spite of her remarkable intelligence, of occasional moments of insight and sometimes of sure instinct, she on the whole only "meddled and muddled." This was partly due to her absurd overestimate of her father, who, although a great financier, was not at all a statesman, and did on the whole more harm than good. Mme. de Staël herself was sufficiently an agitator to make herself equally disliked by each successive government from Louis XVI. to Louis XVIII., and yet all her agitation accomplished nothing, and really had very little influence one way or the other. Throughout she labored under one great error, that she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore had a natural right to guide the course of events in France. In this supposition she was utterly wrong. She was born daughter of a Swiss banker resident in Paris; but birth in France of foreign parents did not confer the rights of citizenship, and, although her father received letters of naturalization when he became Minister, she, before she had reached the age at which she could elect whether she would be Swiss or French, had changed everything by marrying De Staël and becoming a Swede. As the wife of a Swedish Ambassador she had no right whatever to intrigue in French politics, except so far as she could aid her husband in carrying out the wishes of his sovereign. Instead of that, she only got her husband into great political difficulties, not only with the French but with his own Government. In the height of the Terror she saved herself from the scaffold by claiming her rights and privileges as Swedish Ambassadress; but a few years later, when the Directory refused to allow her to live in France, on the ground that she was a foreigner obnoxious to the Government, she seemed to think that she was a Frenchwoman. This was also the basis of her complaints against Napoleon, who all along insisted that both she and her children were foreigners, and therefore by all rules of law could be treated in a way which might not answer for French subjects. Had Mme. de Staël been a man and done what she did or attempted to do, her career in Europe would probably have been much shorter.

The difficulty between Mme. de Staël and Napoleon was due chiefly to the absolute antipathy of their natures. Neither liked the other, though each to a certain extent appreciated the other. One cannot, however, help wondering what would have happened if at a certain dinner Napoleon had succeeded in sitting next to Mme. de Staël, as he had desired, instead of Cambacérès, and had given her one more opportunity to captivate him. Napoleon was perfectly frank about his reasons for exiling her, and one cannot but admit that, from his point of view, as an absolute sovereign, he was perfectly right. Auguste de Staël had an audience of Napoleon at Chambéry in 1808 without his mother's knowledge, and asked permission for her to return to France. On being told that Mme. de Staël was in Vienna, the Emperor said:

"Well, she is in the right place there, and should be content. She will learn German there. Your mother is not bad. She is a clever woman, very clever, but is quite undisciplined. . . . She would not be here six months before I should have to send her to Bicêtre or the Temple. I should be sorry for that, as the affair would make a noise and probably injure me in public estimation. Therefore you may tell her very distinctly that as long as I am alive she will never see Paris again. She would be foolish; she would see people and make fun of things; she thinks it of no importance, but I think all the more of it. I take everything in earnest. So, once for all, why should your mother set herself up against 'tyranny'? You see I am not afraid of the word. She may go to Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Lyons, even to London, if she wants to write pamphlets against me. I will see her everywhere with pleasure. But not in Paris. There I reside, and there I will only have people who like me. Did she not destroy the *Tribunat* for me? She could never prevent herself from talking politics. . . . You are young; if you were as old as I am you would be able to judge matters better, but I am pleased when a son takes up his mother's cause. Your mother has given you a difficult task, but you have acquitted yourself intelligently. I have been willing to talk with you, but you will get nothing by it. The King of Naples has spoken to me a great deal on this subject, but it was of no use. If I had put her in confinement, I would set her free; but she must remain in exile. Every one understands that imprisonment is a misfortune, but your mother alone thinks herself unfortunate for being allowed the run of Europe."

Metternich made the same request for her, and pointed out the danger of bringing a woman into celebrity by such treatment. Napoleon replied: "If Mme. de Staël wanted to be royalist or republican, I should have no objection. But she is a *machine à mouvement* that sets the salons at work. Such a woman need only be dreaded in France, and there I will not have her."

The mental suffering of Mme. de Staël during her exile was in part imaginary and in part real. The truth of the matter was, that neither at Coppet nor at Geneva—even in her best days—could she find a sufficiently large and appreciative audience to listen to her talk. Chateaubriand, who visited her at Coppet in 1805, was struck with the way in which she exaggerated her unhappiness, and says, almost in Napoleon's words: "She regards herself as the most unhappy of women in an exile that I should have been charmed with." But, as Sainte-Beuve says, "Suffering is where you feel it"—or, as we should be more apt to say, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

RECENT MUSICAL LITERATURE.

Musical Instruments and their Homes. By Mary E. Brown and William Adams Brown. With 270 illustrations in pen and ink by William Adams Brown, the whole forming a complete catalogue of the collection of musical instruments now in the possession of

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Mrs. J. Crosby Brown of New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1889.

The Standard Symphonies: Their History, their Music, and their Composers. A Handbook by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1889.

New Musical Miscellanies: Historical, Critical, Philosophical, and Pedagogic. By W. S. B. Matthews. How to Understand Music. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser.

MRS. BROWN'S volume, a sumptuous quarto of nearly four hundred pages, is devoted to descriptions, with numerous illustrations, of the musical instruments of Oriental and savage peoples. It was originally designed as a catalogue, for private use, of the specimens which Mrs. Brown gathered during a number of years from various sources, and which she has presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city. The collection is one of remarkable variety and interest. Mrs. Brown has had facilities for obtaining specimens of rare and curious instruments in out-of-the-way parts of the world, and the collection now at the Museum (with a supplementary one since made and comprising about sixty specimens from Java, Calcutta, Burmah, and Madagascar) contains material for interesting ethnographical and musical studies. As her son, Mr. William Adams Brown, who was associated in the preparation of the book, relates, its plan was changed with the growth of the collection, and a compilation of the available authorities respecting the subject, with such additions as could be obtained from private sources, was prepared by Mr. Brown with his mother's assistance. The plan of the work is almost altogether occupied with instruments used by Oriental and barbarous peoples, and does not include those of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; but it aims to give what is known of the history and present use of musical instruments in China, Japan, and Corea, India, Siam and Burmah, Persia and Turkey, Africa, North America, Central America, South America, and Oceanica.

There is good reason for taking speedy action in obtaining specimens of the instruments used by savage tribes, inasmuch as, with the progress of civilization, they are gradually being supplanted by others. The accordion, Mr. Brown tells us, is taking the place of the *marimba*, the favorite instrument of the negroes in Central Africa; the native instruments of Micronesia and Melanesia have almost entirely disappeared, and a traveller who was endeavoring to make a collection of the instruments of these islands, on asking a native where he could obtain a certain specimen, received the suggestive reply: "No more *pagolo*. *Pagolo* dead—the jew's-harp has killed him." The aptitude shown for imitation by some savages is illustrated in the chapter which Mr. Brown devotes to the instruments of North America. A stringed instrument obtained from a tribe of Alaskan Indians, seldom brought in contact with white men, was evidently fashioned in semblance of a similar instrument seen in the hands of some chance visitor.

A peculiar interest attaches to some of the more ancient instruments, which, as the nations that use them claim, date back to a period thousands of years before the Christian era, and in some of which a later generation found the germs of the perfected instruments of their class used at the present day. The Hindus maintain that the *ravanastron*, the oldest of the stringed instruments played with a bow, was invented 5,000 years ago by one of the kings of Ceylon, and, as Mr. Brown points out, the rude *hu chin* of China and the royal Stradivarius are alike derived from that common source. So too, in the *chang*, the favorite instrument of an early period, we find the progenitor, through the harpsichord, the spinet, and the virginal, of the grand pianoforte that delights us with its beauty and variety of expression.

A praiseworthy industry and enterprise are shown in the results of the author's efforts to obtain from different sources specimens of the various instruments that come within the scope of the book, and the particulars respecting them. The explanatory essays on subjects relating to the undertaking embody a good many interesting details, and some new facts have been gathered that are of value. But it must be said that Mr. Brown, who seems to be mainly responsible for this part of the work, has erred in judgment in the choice of some of the authorities on whom he chiefly depends. That untrustworthy writer Rowbotham is continually cited, and his fanciful theories seem to be adopted with unhesitating confidence. The liberal extracts that are made from that author's 'History of Music,' and the frequent deferential references to his views, have the effect of shaking the reader's confidence in Mr. Brown's discretion. Even some of his other authorities are quoted at second-hand from this doubtful source, and it seems odd to find him seriously referring to "the learned discussions of Fétis, Ambros, and Rowbotham." Of the different chapters of the book the most interesting to the general reader are those which are devoted to Chinese and Japanese music, and that which treats of the beginnings of the art among savage nations; but here also there are occasional indications of a lack of technical knowledge on the part of the writer.

The chapter in which the author undertakes to treat of the musical instruments of Central and South America and Oceanica is in some respects far from satisfactory, in view of the facts that are known respecting them. Little attention seems to have been given to this department of the subject, and but three specimens of instruments are included in the illustrations—a nose-flute from Fiji, a hand-drum from the Gulf of Papua, New Guinea, and a conch-shell trumpet. This last is from Hawaii, and is the only instrument used there, with the exception of the nose-flute, that seems to have come to the knowledge of the author, who cites at some length Ellis's 'Polynesian Researches.' But there are other authorities that would have afforded fuller information regarding the musical instruments of Hawaii. It is some years since the Princess Liliuokalani of Hawaii, the sister of King Kalakaua, began to give her attention to the subject of the ancient music and musical instruments of the Hawaiians, and the results of her investigations have been made public. The King himself has taken much interest in similar researches. Mr. S. Marques of Honolulu, in a recent monograph upon the subject, has described a number of string, wind, and percussion instruments formerly used by the natives. The *ukeke* was a flat strip of flexible wood upon which were stretched two strings of cocoanut fibre, with pegs on which to wind them up to the proper tone at an interval of a second or a fourth. Another variety had an additional string tuned to a third. The instrument probably resembled the primitive Greek lyre. The *pua* was a wind instrument made of a gourd pierced with three holes, and another variety was formed from a joint of bamboo with the nose-hole on one side and two finger-holes on the other. This was properly the nose-flute. Then there were the different sorts of drums made of cocoanut shells, calabashes, and sometimes of wood, and covered at one end with skin; and also the *kaeke* and the *puili*, both percussion instruments used to mark time. No reference to any of these is made in Mr. Brown's book.

A similar poverty of description is noticeable in the chapter devoted to the musical instruments of Mexico. A long extract is given from the inevitable Rowbotham concerning the Aztec instruments, the *teponaztlis* and tambourines, but no mention is made of the fact that the Guatemalan form of the *marimba* is popular in Mexico, as well as another variety of the instrument, a large wooden sounding-board with metal cords played upon with soft knockers. Neither is any reference made to the *guaje* or the *mimba*—the shepherd's instrument, which is made of a long reed slightly curved, with one string, which is pulled with the thumb and finger, the player holding it against the teeth.

It is unfortunate that the pen-and-ink drawings of musical instruments that are given in this elegant volume should be of such a character as to make one regret that more technical knowledge and skill, as well as a better perception of what was necessary to make the drawings useful to the reader, had not accompanied the production of them. The illustrations are 270 in number and are the work of Mr. Brown. While they reflect credit on his cleverness as an artist, they are insufficient for the purpose for which they were intended. Pictorial effect is not what is required in such illustrations, but accurate delineations of the instruments that will supplement the descriptive letter-press. Yet this is just what is lacking in the handsome pages of the book. It is impossible to determine by the illustrations the number of frets in the fretted instruments, or of strings in the stringed instruments, or of finger holes in those with flues, or of strings where these are shown. Similar inexactness is found in illustrations and descriptions of instruments belonging to Mrs. Brown's collections, but not coming within the scope of any of the chapters of their work. Among these is one of a fagott, which is described as "a kind of bassoon." The author seems not to be aware that the two instruments are identical; fagott being the German form of the Italian *fagotto*, so called from the resemblance of the bassoon to a bundle of sticks. On the same plate an old-fashioned pianoforte is called a clavichord, and in other examples the author confounds the clarinet with the oboe, whereas the one has a single and the other a double reed. A similar confusion is to be seen in the list of Chinese instruments, where the *yang kin* is called "a foreign harpsichord," and in the description is classed as an instrument of the zither family. As strips of bamboo are used to strike the strings of the *yang kin*, whereas all instruments of the harpsichord family are made to be played upon by twanging the strings with plectra, and as the zither is played with the thumb, guarded by a partially opened ring, and the three fingers of the right hand, the confusion of the description is evident. The *yang kin* really belongs to the dulcimer family.

With all its shortcomings and its errors of judgment, the work is interesting and is an instructive treatise for the general reader. A carefully prepared index and list of authorities add to its merits as a book of reference. At the same time it seems a pity that so much of the cost of producing this volume (and the cost was evidently great) should have gone into externals mainly.

The latest of Mr. Upton's musical handbooks completes the series which he has prepared for popular use, and which has

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proved a welcome help to the music-loving public. In the volumes that treated of the 'Standard Operas' and the 'Standard Oratorios,' sketches were given of the more important compositions, together with short biographies of the composers, and such historical matter respecting the various works as was deemed desirable. The same plan was followed in the 'Standard Cantatas,' with the addition of an essay on the cantata in its different periods of evolution, from its simple recitative style down to its more fully developed form, which often approaches that of the opera or the oratorio. In the present volume Mr. Upton has found it necessary to make his descriptions in some instances more technical. The same general plan is followed, however, and the sketches are preceded by a chapter explanatory of the evolution of the symphony from the sonata form, and tracing its subsequent development in different directions by various composers. As the limits of the volume would not allow of detailed technical descriptions, with musical illustrations, of all the compositions referred to, the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn only are so treated, while those of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Berlioz, Spohr, Liszt, and later composers of different nationalities are carefully analyzed. Mr. Upton has performed his task with excellent judgment; much of the material given is valuable, not only to the musical student, but also to music-lovers who wish to add to their stock of information. To this rapidly increasing class of concert-goers Mr. Upton's volume, like its predecessors, will be a real help. It will be especially welcome to the great number of persons who wish better to understand, and thereby more intelligently enjoy, the highest order of orchestral music.

Mr. Matthews gives his readers a somewhat promiscuous collection of material in the form of a second volume to his earlier work, 'How to Understand Music.' The first five chapters, making about one-fourth of the book, are devoted to biographical sketches of Schubert, Berlioz, and Wagner, with some account of their works. These are followed by papers on the psychological relations of music, the theory of pianoforte teaching, the tonal system and temperament, the tonic sol-fa as an educational factor, self-culture in music, Greek music, and modern opera, and what is entitled "A Bird's-Eye View of Musical History." It will be seen that the sub-title of the book, "How to Understand Music," is made a comprehensive one. The substance of what the author has to say on some of these subjects is more satisfactory than the form in which it is offered, and there is occasion for the hope which he expresses in his preface that "supersensitive readers will not allow the literary defects of the present volume to outweigh their appreciation of the value of the information here brought together from a wide range of sources."

It does not require any "supersensitiveness" on the part of the reader to be annoyed by certain eccentricities in Mr. Matthews's style, but much of what he has to offer is so excellent that, in view of his deprecating reference, it is perhaps better to omit any mention of them. There is so much need in our musical literature of just such contributions on certain subjects as so practical a writer can furnish, that we would not seek to discourage him from continuing his labors in this field. The brief essays on Berlioz and Wagner, and the estimates and analyses of their works, are well considered, but the description of the performances at Bayreuth, which were originally written for a Chicago newspaper, are hardly in keeping with the rest of the volume. The chapters on pianoforte-teaching contain much that is valuable and suggestive, both to the teacher and the pupil, and the theories and systems adopted in the use of pianoforte studies by several eminent teachers are given, in letters from them. An intelligent statement of the facts with regard to the present state of knowledge respecting the tonal system and the theories upon the subject will interest the musical student, and in the succeeding paper the merits of the tonic-sol-fa system are clearly set forth. "Self-Culture in Music" is discussed in a sensible way, and the difficulties in the path of the student are pointed out and commented upon with excellent judgment. It is unfortunate that the pleasure of the reader is marred by the number of typographical errors in the book. The proof-reading has been wofully careless.

Elementary Physiography. An Introduction to the Study of Nature. By John Thornton, M.A., Headmaster of the Clarence-Street Higher Grade School, Bolton (England). 10 maps and 161 illustrations. 2d ed. revised. Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. 251.

A GOOD deal that has been written in England about examinations in the last year or more might find illustration in the spirit and quality of Thornton's 'Physiography.' The first lines of its preface state that it is intended to meet the requirements of the South Kensington examinations, as well as to serve as an elementary introduction to the science, and the first of these purposes is but too apparent in its pages. Something is said about everything that an examiner could ask a question upon. The book is manifestly conscientious, and every care within the author's reach has been taken to secure complete and correct statements. A number of good text-books have been consulted, and in too many cases acknowledgment is made in the text for material quoted. But in reading the book, the question continually arises: What will the scholar make out of all this? In the hands of a thoroughly competent teacher the book would hardly be satisfactory by reason of the not infrequent exceptions and corrections that it calls for; in the hands of a conventional teacher, faithful to his duty to carry his class through the book in a certain time and fit them for an examination on the subject of it, it would probably be as good as several other books that do not call for notable praise or serious censure. It is packed with matter, so much so that the author seems hardly to have lived up to his plan of giving full, instead of meagre, treatment of his topics. Indeed, in attempting to carry out this plan, it is too evident that the level of the book has been reached by working up to it from below as a compilation, instead of by coming down to it as a selection from a broad survey of the whole field. It is therefore not a text-book that will advance the treatment or understanding of physical geography in any significant way. Somewhat like Hinman's 'Eclectic Physical Geography,' published in this country last year, it touches on a great variety of subjects, and necessarily touches many of them so lightly, in spite of the attempted deliberation of statement, that a class cannot gain a serviceable knowledge of them without more help from the teacher than most teachers are able to give; but in point of precision, we think the American book decidedly the better of the two, as it certainly is in its illustrations and its adaptation to American schools.

The scheme of Thornton's book is as follows: An outline of physics; chemical action and rocks; the interior of the earth and volcanoes; the sea, the atmosphere and rain; the sculpture of the land; weather and climate; the changes of the earth's surface, magnetism and electricity of the earth, the shape and movements of the earth. There is a certain element of order in this, but it can be improved on. When we come to examine the detail of the paragraphs, there are too often passages which excite adverse comment. The illustration of longitudinal and transverse valleys (p. 160) is simply shocking. From the discussion of valleys it might be fairly inferred that the sculpture of the land stops when the valleys are made; and there is a certain inequality in a treatment that allows ten pages to glaciers without mentioning glacial lakes. The figure of the earth's orbit (p. 238) is absurdly out of drawing, apparently made to fit the page instead of the truth. Under radiation, the scholar is told "there are thus two kinds of heat rays—luminous heat rays in which rays of heat are combined with rays of light; and obscure or dark heat rays, where light is absent." So one more book perpetuates this antiquated idea, to the perplexity of all right-minded boys and girls. The citation of authorities, already referred to, gives the impression that Mr. Thornton was not quite yet willing to commit himself to some of his quotations, or as if he had not yet so fully digested them as to reproduce them in his own words. For example, "Mr. R. H. Scott gives the following statements from Professor Mohn's 'Treatise on Meteorology': The barometer stands high (1) when the air is very cold," etc. (p. 132). Again, in speaking of the barometer and weather, "In Ganot's 'Treatise on Physics,' as edited by Professor Atkinson, the following remarks are made under this head" (p. 134). One might protest that the author's own statement of these general principles ought to be more to the point than any quotation he could select. One must also wonder what a class will think when they are told on adjacent pages that the barometer is low in the polar regions, and that Mr. Scott says that Professor Mohn says that it stands high when the air is very cold. It is hardly sufficient to explain the low Antarctic pressure by the large quantity of vapor there, for there is much more vapor near the equator. Another highly confused statement, concerning temperature and altitude, is given at the bottom of page 140. This meteorological section of the book strikes us as distinctly "British," and meteorologists will probably understand what that means—though it would be hardly proper to charge the "British" school with accepting the vesicular nature of cloud particles (p. 145).

The attempt to condense an outline of geology into a few chapters is hardly more successful, though the discussion of volcanoes is decidedly better than the average. We cannot discuss all the pages, and have to conclude with an unsympathetic statement: the illustrations are not up to the times; the better paragraphs do not counterbalance the poorer or incorrect ones, and hence the book as a whole cannot be commended.

Literary Workers; or, Pilgrims to the Temple of Honor. By George Hargreaves. Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

THIS is an old-fashioned leisurely book, in the main a collection of anecdotes about men of genius, principally writers. From the cradle to the grave the author follows the literary career, with a special regard for childhood, first manuscripts, first criticisms, first love, and marriage, and similar stages of the life so alluring to those who are born to it, and often

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so disenchanting in the pursuit. The thread of easy and correct moralizing upon which these anecdotes are strung gives sufficient connection to the whole; and one who is interested in the gossip of literature will find, with some old, many fresh illustrations of literary life. It is very pleasant, almost soothing — the sort of book which reminds one of a cathedral close.

The Florida of To-day. By James Wood Davidson. D. Appleton & Co. 1889.

Home Life in Florida. By Helen Harcourt. Louisville: J. P. Morton & Co. 1889.

THESE two books, both of them intended to give an account of Florida, are written in very different ways. The first professes to be a guide for tourists and settlers. It abounds in that class of glittering generalities which rise to the magnificence of beautiful inaccuracies, and apparently attempts to cover different subjects, some of which are of very little importance. It is written by an admirer of the old Southern style of life, who sees in the changes which are now going on in Florida something which under the circumstances is to be encouraged, but which he hardly recognizes as of equal value to the civilization which would have spread over the country had the régime of thirty years ago continued.

The other book is written in an entirely different interest. It apparently gives the experience and the advice of a woman who has moved to Florida, and who thoroughly likes the climate and believes in the capacities of that sub-tropical State. Life in Florida will never have the vigorous activity which has generally characterized the growth of American civilization; but to those who prefer the restful quiet of that balmy climate to the energetic activity of less hospitable lands, this book will be both interesting and valuable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bates, Josephine W. A Nameless Wrestler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents.
Bugge, Prof. S. Studien über die Entstehung der nordischen Götter- und Heldensagen. Munich: Christian Kaiser; New York: Westermann.
Crawford, F. M. Sant' Ilario. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Davies, J. L. Lessons of Hope: Readings from the Works of F. D. Maurice. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Dick, H. G. Sounding Brass: A Novel. American News Co. 25 cents.
Ellis, R. Commentary on Catullus. 2d ed. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Fawcett, E. Agnosticism, and Other Essays. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Fletcher, R. H. A Blind Bargain. Belford, Clarke & Co. 50 cents.
Freeman, A. C. American State Reports. Vol. VII. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co.
Grimshaw, R. *Hints on Housebuilding.* 2d ed. New York: Practical Publishing Co.
Hirschberg, Prof. J. Von New York nach San Francisco; Tagebuchblätter. Leipzig: Veit & Co.; New York: Westermann.
Mott, E. The Old Settler and his Tales of Sugar Swamp. Belford, Clarke & Co. 50 cents.
Müller, Prof. F. Max. Natural Religion. [The Gifford Lectures.] Longmans, Green & Co. $3.
Nettleship, Prof. H. Contributions to Latin Lexicography. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Owen, S. G. P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristivm Libri V. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Pfeiffer, E. C. Practice Papers. Boston: Damrell & Upham.
Read, O. P. Up Terrapin River. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Shields, G. O. Cruisings in the Cascades. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $2.
Shuckburgh, E. S. The Histories of Polybius. Translated. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. $6.
Skeat, Prof. W. W. Chaucer's Legend of Good Women. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Smith, Mary C., and Winn, Sarah C. Round the World with the Poets. Boston: Chas. H. Kilborn. 25 cents.
Tales from *Blackwood.* White & Allen. 40 cents.

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WILL HAVE READY SOON THE FOLLOWING

EDUCATIONAL WORKS:

JOHNSTON'S (A., late Professor in Princeton) BRIEF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEISSNER'S AUS MEINER WELT. Edited, with Vocabulary, by Carla Wenckebach (Professor in Wellesley). 12mo.

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